

The Minden Echo.

AND HALIBURTON RECORDER.

144323

VOL. IX, No. 5.
TERMS \$1 PER. ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

MINDEN ONTARIO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1892.

STOVES, STOVES & TINWARE—If you want a Cook Stove or Box Stove or Stove Pipes or any kind of first class Tinware. Wash Boilers, Kettles, Oil Cans and Stove Pots, all sizes. If you want comfort at little cost try one of my new drum Stoves, they are just the best thing. Call and see for yourself.

All kinds of repairing done with neatness and despatch.

A. McINTOSH.

Cash paid for old copper and brass.

BUSINESS CARDS.

D. R. CURRY,
Office in rear of Post Office,
MINDEN, ONT.

W. M. FIELDING,
CROWN LAND AGENT,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Conveyancer, etc.
Office on Water street, Minden, Ont.

WALTER MUNN, Agent & Collector for The Singer Manufacturing Co., for County of Haliburton. Residence and P. O. address, MINDEN, ONTARIO.
Machine Oil and Needles always on hand.

H. B. DEAN, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, etc., Office, Bigelow's Block, Kent St., Lindsay, over R. Smith's Dry Goods Store. \$10,000 to loan at 6 per cent.

JOHN H. DELAMERE,
COUNTY CLERK PROV. CO. HALIBURTON,
Insurance Agent, Conveyancer, Valuator, etc., etc. Licensed Auctioneer for the County, Minden, Ont.

JOHN WILSON, auctioneer and valuator for Victoria County, and dealer in second hand furniture, old iron, copper, &c., William Street, Lindsay. R. G. Height agent for the County of Haliburton.

DENTISTRY, J. NEELANDS, D.D.S., D.R.C.D.S., Ont., Dentist, Lindsay. Teeth extracted positively without pain. Beautiful artificial teeth inserted at moderate prices.

R. C. GARRATT, MINDEN,
BAILIFF FIRST DIVISION COURT,
Provisional County of Haliburton; County Auctioneer; agent for all kinds of agricultural implements. Accounts promptly collected. Estates assigned to him will receive proper attention. Orders left at Curry's Drug Store will be promptly filled.

GEO. L. BARRY, proprietor of the hotel known as the Sluman House, has good accommodation for the travelling public, and has also good stabling with attentive hostler always on hand. Bar well supplied with choice liquors, cigars, &c.

G. Barry,
Proprietor.

IRONDALE HOTEL,
IRONDALE ONTARIO.
This hotel offers first class accommodation to the travelling public. Camping parties stopping at this house will be furnished with dogs, canoes, &c. The best brands of liquors and cigars always kept on hand.
S. E. HANCOCK, PROPRIETOR.

GORDON & LUCAS,
HOUSE, SIGN & CARRIAGE PAINTERS,
Haliburton.

Kalsomining, Paper Hanging &c., &c.
Orders left at this office promptly attended to.
WM. GORDON, J. R. LUCAS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
HALIBURTON, ONT.
JOHN A. LUCAS, PROPRIETOR.
Offers first-class accommodation to travelers. The Bar is supplied with the choicest brands of Liquors and Cigars.
Good stabling and an attentive hostler always on hand.
Haliburton, August 1893.

MINDEN HOTEL,
MINDEN, ONT.
This favorite hotel has been recently refitted and improved. It offers first-class accommodation to the travelling public. Guests patronizing the Minden Hotel, will find it a comfortable home. The table is always well supplied and attended to. The bar kept furnished with all that is necessary and the stabling will be found commodious and comfortable with a good hostler always on hand. A first-class Commercial Room has also been fitted up, making this one of the best equipped in the county.
W. TERRY, PROPRIETOR.
Minden, Jan. 5, 1891.

DOMINION HOTEL,
MINDEN, ONTARIO.
The proprietor of this well-known hotel wishes to inform his friends and acquaintances and the public that since he has rented this house he has made it both internally and externally suitable to all those who may favor him with a call. Good sample rooms, large and commodious stabling and store house. A well kept table. Meals to be had at all hours. The bar well supplied with wines, liquors, ale and cigars, of the best quality.
JOSEPH PYM.
Huntmen stopping at this house will be furnished with dogs, canoes and help.

Farm for Sale.

200 Acres, Township of Snowdon, being Lots 10 and 11 in 6th Con; about 50 acres cleared, Lot 11 all hardwood. Terms easy, apply to M. BROWN, Minden, or W. McINTOSH, Newcastle.

Mail Stage Route

BETWEEN
MINDEN & GELERT,
Twice Daily Each Way

Leaves Minden at 5.15 a.m. and 4 p.m., returning from Gelert immediately after arrival of trains.

DONALD J. HARTLE,
Proprietor.

PERSONAL.

Messrs. John Cowan & Jas. Volsey, of Minden Township, visited Lindsay this week.

Mr. M. Brown and Mr. J. Hobden went to Peterboro on Monday last to attend the fall show there.

Mr. W. S. Morrison who has been absent for a holiday during the past couple of weeks returned home on Tuesday last much benefitted by his outing.

Mr. A. Palmer Saddler and his family start this week for their new home in Huntsville, where he intends opening out business in his line, we wish him ample success.

Mrs. Noice, Mrs. Brown Mr. & Mrs. Donald Hartle, and Messrs W. Terry, E. B. Munn, Walter Munn and B. Lapp went to Lindsay on Wednesday to see the Central Exhibition.

Mr. Wm. Fielding, Jr., who has for some time past been employed in the drug business in Port Perry, is at present visiting his home in Minden prior to his removing to a new sphere of labor in the same line in Eastern Ontario.

Mr. Joseph McArthur of Fenelon Falls, has, we are sorry to learn, been in ill health lately and his numerous friends will be glad to hear that he is recovering; the Gazette says "he has improved in health since he went to Toronto and was well enough to attend Church last Sunday."

Mr. J. C. Roy, of Fenelon Falls, made a flying visit to Minden on Monday evening last and attended the Oddfellows' meeting here, where he received a hearty welcome from his brethren and returned home by the Tuesday morning train. Mr. Roy reports business very satisfactory in Fenelon Falls.

Mr. Sadler, of Lindsay, has been visiting his timber limits in the Township of Anson the past few days, where about twenty men are now at work under Mr. John Coburn in cutting out roads and making preparations for an extensive winter's work in lumbering in which we hope they will be amply successful.

Mr. Charles Fuller, an active and enterprising business man from the Village of Bancroft, made a visit to Minden on Monday and Tuesday last with the intention of purchasing the valuable water power and carding mill owned by Mr. John Goodman of this place. Should Mr. Fuller become the purchaser of this property he would make extensive improvements upon it, and add a complete set of woollen mill manufacturing machinery. While we would be sorry to lose Mr. Goodman, who is a highly respected citizen, we would most heartily welcome Mr. Fuller to our midst as a man who would by his energetic nature and successful business experience greatly assist in building up and extending the manufacturing interests of this locality.

Rev. I. L. Hargrave, who has had charge of the Presbyterian Mission here during the past few months left Minden on Monday last, and resumes his medical studies at McGill College, Montreal, the session opening on Monday next, the Rev. gentleman being determined to fit himself for the mission field, having completed his collegiate, literary and theological studies, prior to his ordination a few years since. Mr. Hargrave's services to the Presbyterian Church in this locality has been most acceptable and beneficial to those among whom he has labored so assiduously and conscientiously, besides the satisfaction he gave to his own people he made many warm friends amongst those belonging to the other denominations here who not only admired his earnest work, but he also won their esteem for his many Christian qualities and gentlemanly unassuming demeanor during his stay here. The best wishes of a host of friends for his future success and personal welfare follow him where ever duty may call him.

LOCAL.

READ Mr. Gorrie's adv. this week.
Also read Mr. McGaffey's new adv.

WANTED:—A good general servant. Good wages. Apply to Chas. D. Barr, Registrar of Deeds, Lindsay.

SHEEP KILLED BY LIGHTNING—Mr. T. C. Robs n, of Minden Township, had nine valuable sheep killed by lightning on Friday last; there were fourteen in the flock.

Don't forget the "At Home" to be held at the Methodist Parsonage next Thursday. Tea served from 5 p.m. to 8 o'clock. A good programme will also be rendered. Admission 20c and 10c. Come one, come all.

Now is the time to pay up your subscriptions to the Echo.

COOK WANTED:—At the Dominion Hotel, Minden; to a competent cook good wages would be paid, apply to J. Pym.

TWO WEEKS MORE.

DENTAL—J. D. Cottingham, dentist, will continue his practice at the Sluman House for another two weeks. Those wishing to have teeth filled, extracted or replaced would do well to give him a call.

CHANGE OF LOCATION—The new Post office is being fitted up by Mr. Robt. Hamilton, and the new incumbent in charge of Her Majesty's mails here, Mr. Brown, expects to take over the office on the first of October, when Mr. Wilson, formerly of Lindsay, and more recently of Toronto, will be his assistant and acting Postmaster.

LINDSAY'S CENTRAL SHOW—The Central Exhibition held at Lindsay this week was graced by the presence of His Honor Lieut. Gov. Kirkpatrick and his amiable wife, who held a reception at the residence of Mr. Ritchie which was largely attended by the leading people of both the Town of Lindsay and the County of Victoria. The weather was very favorable and the show was a grand success.

A BEAR STORY—A short time ago Mr. Wm. R. Blair, of Minden Township, went into the woods to look for his cattle, and as is his usual custom he had a rifle with him, he had not proceeded far when he discovered a she bear and three well grown cubs with her, and bringing his rifle into requisition he succeeded in securing the old bear and two of the cubs, the third one having escaped wounded to the woods.

ENTRIES FOR THE SHOW—Do not forget that Mr. Delamere, the Sec. of the Agricultural Society, will be in his office on Saturday and Monday next to receive entries for the show; do not put off till the last minute to get your entry tickets. Send in your lists as early as you can and thus facilitate matters and add to the success of the exhibition by doing your part to have it ready to open at the hour advertised.

LOOKING UP.—Business in Minden is steadily improving, our merchants are getting in ample stocks of fall goods and our farmers all have their barns and storehouses well filled, so that the business outlook is promising and better times are at hand; the lumbermen will soon be on hand, thus creating a market for hay and oats, that will prove very beneficial, so that a better and more confident feeling now prevails in this locality than has been experienced for some time past.

LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS:—We notice Mr. E. Noice has been putting a new galvanized iron covering on the roof of his brick block, that will make it thoroughly impervious to the rain fall and also be an additional protection against fire from sparks. Mr. Eugene Hollefreund of North Water Street has completed a spacious store house on his premises, which he has now well stocked with goods of all kinds, which he will tell the readers of the Echo all about as soon as he has all his new fall goods opened out.

STEER DROWNED—On Monday last Mr. James Welch, of the Township of Anson was sending off a very fine pair of fat steers he had sold for delivery at Kilmount, which for convenience of driving he had tied together, just as they passed across the Gull River bridge at Minden they made a bolt down the river embankment west of the bridge into the river, and before they could be rescued one of them was drowned, only for George Palmer, one of the boys, who was driving them, jumping into the river and swimming towards them succeeded in cutting the rope with which they were tied and thus separating them, there is no doubt the other steer would have shared the same fate.

Church Chimes

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY, OCT. 2, 1892.

MINDEN (St. Paul's.)
9.30 a.m., Sunday School.
10.30 a.m., Morning Prayer & Sermon.
Maple Lake (St. Peter's.)
3.30 p.m., Evening Prayer & Sermon.
Stanhope (The School House.)
7 p.m., Evening Prayer & Sermon.
All are welcome.

J. HUGHES JONES, Incumbent.

METHODIST SERVICES

Progress, 11 a.m., Rev. S. J. Green.
Providence, 2.30 p.m., " "
Minden, 6.30 p.m., " "
Gelert, 10.30 a.m., Rev. W. H. Learoyd.
Stratford, 2.30 p.m., " "
Lindop's, 6.30 p.m., " "

WELCOME

For good reliable Boots & Shoes, in Men's, Women's, Boys', Girls' and Children's sizes, go to Perkins & Co., 52 Kent Street, Lindsay; their stock is always well assorted, and they keep Ames, Holden & Co.'s celebrated Boots & Shoes, and their prices are right. Mr. Perkins, who was with Messrs. Bryans & Co. during the time they were in business, has charge of the business, and customers may depend on getting the best value in the country. Be sure and see their goods when in Town. Perkins & Co., 52 Kent Street, Lindsay, first door East of Cathro & Co., opposite McLennan's Hardware Store—324.

We Offered To on Every Hun

that was spent on the
West Road this season
and only had to pay
One Miserable Tonne!
Well! we're the gainers on that.

We now Offer

TEN DOLLARS to ANY ONE
who can show that we do
not average the highest
prices for all the produce
we buy this Fall & Winter.

Bring along your Pork, Potatoes,
Butter, &c., and get Cash.

D. GORRIE,
HALIBURTON.

J. G. EDWARDS

Importer and Dealer in Heavy, Shelf and Fancy
HARDWARE

Write us for prices on—Machine, Castor, Paint and Cylinder OILS
Picks and Shovels. Rope, Chain and Wire, Rubber and Leather Belting.

Babbit Metal, Hemp, Rubber and Asbestos Packing. Buckskin
Lace Leather.

Wholesale Dealer in Carriage and Blacksmith's
SUPPLIES

Orders promptly filled. Prices Low. Satisfaction Guaranteed

J. G. EDWARDS,
110 Kent St., LINDEN

DOMINION
ORGAN & PIANO CO.

THE WORLD-RENOVED PRODUCTIONS OF THIS COMPANY, WHICH
have honorably achieved fame in competition with the best instruments of
other makers the world over, still stand in the

FRONT RANK

Elegant and Chase Design of Case,

Beauty of Finish,

Solidity of Construction, and

Thoroughness of Workmanship.

Every Piano and Organ Warranted for Five Years.

Each Instrument has our Patented Mous-Proof Attachment.

Inspection of the Dominion Pianos and Organs cordially invited. Descriptive
Catalogues supplied upon application.

DOMINION ORGAN & PIANO CO.

Bowmanville, Ont.

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BAFFLING THE DETECTIVES.

How Criminals Sometimes Take Desperate Chances and Win.

MURDER MYSTERY RE- TAKING ABDUCTION CASE IN SCOTLAND.

The talent of the present and brighter than any of the past is by the strange, criminal, and the case, used in whether left the try one day of the trial out with reduced to than one escaping.

And twenty was a good a sometimes in Hawick and right there is a sanitarium of the town much the first stages of such patients are those who arrived as an English girl whose father was a widow. A handsome and attractive London physician had said that his lung was slightly affected, but so far as outward appearances went she was in perfect health. After a week everybody knew her by sight. She would perhaps have been recognized at a distance on foot or in a carriage sooner than anyone else about the place.

Among the men employed about the grounds was a young man named George Adair. He was 20 years old, hardly able to read or write, and was not considered either wise or cunning. He fell in love with Miss Bailey at first sight, but though she afterward remembered his acting queerly on occasions she had not the slightest suspicion of the real state of the case. Nor had anyone else, for that matter, for Adair had more cunning than they gave him credit for. He realized that the young lady was so far above him in the social scale that he had nothing to hope for without he could secure some unusual advantage. As he afterward confessed, and was no doubt honest in his statements and belief, he determined to abduct and imprison her, and hoped she would learn to love him when she realized how much he loved her. The idea was absurd, of course, but all believed him honest, entertaining. Two miles away in the mountains was an old drift or tunnel which had been driven for a distance of forty feet and then abandoned. The entrance was hidden by vines and bushes, and everybody about the neighborhood seemed to have forgotten the place.

ADAIR'S GOOD LUCK.

In the course of a week, going to and fro only at night, Adair conveyed bedding, two chairs, a stand, a mirror, and other articles of furniture to the tunnel or cave, together with a quantity of provisions. Everything was taken from the sanitarium, and yet no one discovered him at work. For a mile, going and coming, he had to pass over a much-traveled highway, but no one afterward came forward to say that he had encountered him. A man carrying a chair ought to attract observation and be remembered, but Adair seemed to have dodged everybody.

The abduction was attended by the same good luck. During an afternoon Miss Bailey walked up the road about a mile, accompanied by her maid. They then sat down in the shade of a large rock, but after perhaps half an hour Miss Bailey fell asleep and the maid carefully got up and began gathering a bouquet. As they left the sanitarium Adair was mowing weeds in a field up the road, but neither of the women observed him. He followed after them, keeping in the fields and determined to take advantage of any opportunity. He even thought at one time of carrying off both, but finally decided that the load was too great for him.

was not over 200 feet away, though at night, when Adair crept up to the girl, passed his folded handkerchief mouth and tied it, and by the time she awoke he was carrying her off in his arms. She, naturally enough, cried out and struggled, but her cries were muffled and strength taken away by the surprise of her moment. Adair carried her across an open field forty yards wide, and yet a boy at work at the north end of it, eighty rods away, did not see him. A sportsman at the south end, about as far away, was looking about for game, and yet he was as blind as the boy. The maid returned to find her mistress gone, and, though surprised at the fact, she argued that Miss Bailey had returned to the sanitarium. She took her own time about getting there, and it was 6 o'clock before there was any general inquiry. It was after dark before any one was sent out and next day noon before the search began in earnest.

In nearly every criminal case of moment the detectives waste time by following clues given them by persons who first "guess" or "believe" and then know for certain. In this case the maid wanted to exculpate herself. No one would have blamed her, but she feared that result, and so she "guessed" that a vehicle came along the road while she was wandering about, and that Miss Bailey went for a ride. After "guessing" a few times she was sure that she heard the rattle of wheels and caught sight of a white horse through the trees and bushes. She also heard talking and laughing. Adair was sent to the village and another person up the road, but nothing was to be heard of the missing girl. No one was seriously alarmed until two nights had passed. Then it was plain enough to all that there was a mystery to be solved. The police were called in and every means exhausted to discover what had become of Miss Bailey.

Adair was among those questioned. All he had to say was that he saw two girls go up the road. If Sarah had stuck to the simple truth it would have shortened the search, even if it had not led to discoveries. Every one on the case got a false start. They were led on to believe there

was a man and a horse and a cart mixed up with it. Sarah had heard no outcry. It was therefore agreed that Miss Bailey had entered the vehicle of her own free will, and that the driver was an acquaintance at least. It was not until the road leading north had been searched for a distance of thirty miles, and until wagons, farmers and landlords all along were sure that no such rig had passed that Bailey was telegraphed for and a detective came up from Scotland yard.

THE MYSTERY DEEPENED.

Something had happened during the interval to deepen the mystery. Miss Bailey's room had been plundered of her trunk and clothing. The maid occupied a room adjoining, and yet some one had come by night and removed the articles without raising the slightest alarm. Most of the clothing was hanging up. The garments had been taken down and placed in the trunk, and the trunk carried down a pair of stairs, through two halls, and out of the back door. They knew it must have been by the back door because it was found unlocked and a strange key broken in the lock. Until the father arrived it was generally believed that the girl had fled with a lover who had followed on after her. He soon dispelled that belief and then the professional detective was told to go to work. You will wonder where he could make a beginning. He started with Sarah, the maid. While he did not believe her guilty of conspiracy he was satisfied that she had either told too much or too little. She stuck out for a day or two, but finally related just what had occurred. She had neither seen nor heard anything. She had been absent from ten to fifteen minutes.

Upon her return Miss Bailey was nowhere to be seen. On the ground was the book she had been reading before she fell asleep and near by was her fan. Sarah had "forgotten" to speak of these things before. The detective was soon satisfied that the whole thing was the work of some daring villain, and as Mr. Bailey was a very wealthy man it was natural to conclude that his daughter had been abducted in order to extort a large ransom. The man who carried her off also carried her trunk from the sanitarium. If he was not going to hold her several weeks somewhere, why the need of extra clothing? And yet the idea of such a crime being perpetrated in Scotland almost paralyzed him and made him doubt his own conclusions.

Detectives who have to go groping through a case make their hits by accident. When this one had reasoned out an abduction he jumped to the conclusion that Miss Bailey had been carried to the Cheviot hills, twenty miles south, and was concealed in some lonely place. While the father offered a reward of £1,000 for the restoration of his daughter a force of officials made a thorough search of the hills in hopes to stumble upon her prison. Not the slightest grain of information was to be picked up. Other detectives were called in, but they could make no progress. After three weeks had gone by it came to be generally believed by all except the father and the first detective that Miss Bailey had run off to be married, and that in due time a letter would be received giving all particulars.

THE GIRL IN HER PRISON.

Meanwhile how fared it with the girl? As she was carried across the field she recognized Adair as an employee of the sanitarium. He had a frank, open face, and though greatly surprised at his actions she was not much frightened. He talked to her as he hurried along, saying he meant her no harm and was only trying to win a wager made with a friend. On the far side of the cleared field she made such a fight that he had to put her down, and she also got the handkerchief clear of her mouth. Then he threatened her with death if she raised an alarm, and she walked the rest of the way to the cave. He had furnished the opening with a rude but stout door, and as soon as she was safe inside he returned to his work and no one noted his absence. That night he returned to the cave and explained to Miss Bailey why he had carried her off. While there was nothing of the villain about him he proved to be so obstinate and pig-headed that the situation was almost as bad. He was respectful and boorishly tender, but very determined. It was he who got her trunk, desiring to make her more comfortable.

Adair visited the cave but once in twenty-four hours, and that about 9 o'clock at night. He provided his prisoner with a lamp, gave her all the news in the case as it happened, and seemed to be greatly delighted over the accounts in the newspapers. Her fare was a portion of that with which he himself was supplied, supplemented by some luxuries he bought in the village. He usually remained from 10 to 12. He was nervous and abashed in her presence and treated her with the utmost consideration and respect. He would even shed tears over her appeals, but never relented in his purpose.

The tunnel turned out to be a cool, dry place, and Miss Bailey did not undergo any physical discomforts on account of the imprisonment. Each day for the first week she hoped to prevail upon Adair to release her. Finding that he could not be moved from his position she gave her consent to wed him, having no intention, of course, of standing by her word. Then he was brought to see that the bans must be published and certain forms complied with, and that a legal marriage with her prisoner was impossible. Although made desperate by his own stupidity, he would not give up his idea, and thus passed a second week.

HER VAIN EFFORTS TO ESCAPE.

Miss Bailey had not been a passive prisoner during the fortnight. She had gone over the place time and time again, hoping to find some weak point to begin operations on, but had found no encouragement. The timbers used for door frames were massive and set against solid rock, and the door would have defied stout arms and better tools than she could bring to bear on it. At the beginning of the third week Adair became sullen and morose, and she began to fear him. On Wednesday night of that week he proposed that they secretly leave the neighborhood for the coast, and on reaching it take ship for America. She agreed, but here he was baffled again. She had some money in the safe at the sanitarium, but he could not get it, and had none of his own. He did not come Thursday night, but the next evening he threatened that if she did not bring forward some plan within a couple of days to solve the difficulty he would murder her. If he could not marry her no one else should. There was no quarrel in her mind but that he had become daft and dangerous. A simple incident in the kitchen of the sanitarium solved the

whole mystery. One of the female servants noticed that Adair had changed greatly of late, and she had her eye upon him when he slipped some food from the table into his handkerchief. Nothing was said to him at the time, but the woman began to put this and that together, and she finally began to wonder and suspect. She communicated with her master and he with the detective, who was still at the place, and that evening Adair was followed to the cave and Miss Bailey rescued.

While the young man was arrested and thrown into prison it soon became evident that he had lost his mind. And could not be held legally responsible. After a medical commission had pronounced on his case he was sent to an insane asylum. Mr. Bailey and his daughter went home, and we who still lingered had ceased to talk of the case when a climax took place. Adair escaped from the asylum and returned to the sanitarium. I want you to notice again how unobscuring the general run of people are. Two of us who sat on the veranda, talking failed to see him, though he passed within thirty feet of us. A woman who sat at a window sewing noticed him, but took him for an altogether different man. A servant passed him on the stairs and called him "Joe," which was the name of another man. He must have passed another female servant and yet she had no remembrance of seeing him, though well awake. He proceeded to the room formerly occupied by Miss Bailey and there committed suicide by cutting his throat. Even as his body lay in the middle of the floor a servant entered, got something from the dresser, and retired without seeing anything unusual.

ELECTRICAL NOTES.

The question of lighting the city of Buffalo by electricity generated at Niagara Falls has brought out a novel suggestion. Instead of running wires over the distance it is proposed to erect high steel towers at the falls and place reflector lights of enormous candle-power upon them. The rays of these lights, it is said, can be made to illuminate Buffalo, and the cost of copper wires to and about the city and return will be saved.

Knife-edge cigar-cutters and alcohol lamps are to be done away with in cigar stores. A small electrically operated machine has just been brought out which will automatically cut and light a cigar and then hand it politely to its owner. Curling-irons are the latest things heated electrically. They are manufactured so as to be adjusted by means of silk cord and a plug to a lamp socket in a dressing-room. All of the annoyances experienced from using the older forms of hair curlers may now be overcome if one's house has only an electric lighting circuit in it.

The Columbian Electric Perambulator Company is the name of a Chicago concern recently started with \$1,000,000 capital to manufacture and sell electrically propelled vehicles.

St. Louis has recently broken a record in electrical illumination. Transparencies of the Presidents of the United States, of Columbus and De Soto, a mammoth revolving globe lighted by 200 incandescent lamps of various colors, an electrical portrait of George Washington, a statue of the Goddess of Liberty, besides numerous brilliantly illuminated arches, formed the chief points of interest. The spectacle was witnessed by 80,000 people.

A medical authority states that the voice of singers and actors can be much better preserved if used in theatres lighted with electricity rather than gas.

Five important patents on storage batteries, battery plates and cells have just been issued to E. P. Usher, the inventor of the system of storage-battery traction running between Milford and Hopdale, Mass.

Dr. Sargent of Harvard College, in making tests of the physical condition of John L. Sullivan, used an electrical measuring machine which showed that in striking a blow, if the fist left the arm, it would travel a mile in about three minutes.

Japan has taken very kindly to telephones and arc lights and two electric railways are soon likely to be built, there measuring twelve and seventeen miles respectively.

The Mount Washington search light, which has been in successful operation for some time past, has been used to communicate by signals with Portsmouth, N. H., eighty-five miles distant.

Intemperance and Life Insurance.

A correspondent asks a question as to the law in regard to a life policy which, it is claimed, has been made void by the holder having stated himself to be of temperate habits when he occasionally indulged to excess. A leading insurance journal, "The N. Y. Chronicle," reports on a case as follows:

"In 1884 a case with respect to a policy for \$7,500 came before the house of lords. Among the questions in the printed form of proposal there were two on which the case practically turned. The first of these was, 'Are you temperate in your habits?' The second question was, 'Have you always been strictly so?' Both answers were very short, the first being 'temperate,' the second simply 'yes.' Two courts in Scotland decided that the policy was valid, but this decision was overruled by the house of lords, and the judgments delivered on that occasion by Lords Blackburn, Watson and Fitzgerald contain the best and fullest statement of the law on this subject that is anywhere to be found. The law lords laid down the rule that temperate in habits must not be taken in anything like the sense of total abstinence and that a liberal interpretation must be given to the words. On one point alone the law lords did not seem to be quite agreed. Two of them seemed to consider that the habits of the locality where the person lived ought to be taken into account by the court. The other, however, seemed to think that no allowance was to be made for the peculiar habits of any peculiar locality. In the case recently before Lord Coleridge it was further most distinctly laid down that one or two isolated cases of intoxication are not sufficient to show that a man is of intemperate habits. The law seems to be settled in a reasonable way, and insurance companies would do well not to resist payment of claims on this ground unless their case be one which is capable of very clear proof of intemperance."

While that is the law, we may add that a better law is, for every man to avoid all chance of a dispute by keeping himself temperate all the time.

PRINCE RADZIWILL INSANE.

His Mania Developed in a Most Remarkable Manner.

The Berliner Tageblatt announces in a despatch from Lodz, Russia, that Prince Anton Radziwill, Adjutant-General of the German Emperor's Military Household, head of one of the oldest and noblest families of Germany, and one of the Czar's few German favorites, became violently insane on Sunday morning and hunted with firearms everybody who approached him.

Early last week, the Tageblatt says, the Prince and Gen. von Werder were invited to join the Czar's hunting party at Spain. They arrived with their body servants at Lodz on Saturday evening and took apartments at the Grand Hotel. During the evening the Prince seemed to be in his usual health and spirits, chatted with Gen. von Werder until late, drank moderately, and retired shortly after midnight after wishing his comrade a hearty good-night.

The Prince's apartments were on the floor above Gen. von Werder's. Shortly after daybreak on Sunday morning the whole house was aroused by shots and shouting. The guests who ran from their rooms saw the Prince, with a fowling belt in his hand and two revolvers in his sight, firing right and left at everybody in his blood at the head of the grand staircase. The Prince had shot both on sight, one in the neck and the other in the breast. Guests, servants, and landlord were stampeded. They fled to the street, shouting for help, while the Prince, having exhausted his fowling piece, pursued them to the door firing from the revolvers. The Prince emptied his revolvers and returned to his room for more cartridges. The police, who had been summoned, started upstairs to intercept him on his way down, but when he appeared, firing and shouting as he came they beat a very hasty retreat.

The Chief of Police, knowing of the Prince's friendship with the Czar, feared to let his men return his fire. He called out the fire brigade, and, while the Prince was loading up with more cartridges, had the horse carried up to the head of the staircase. When the Prince came out for another attack four jets of water struck him. The Prince was floored, but got back into his room and kept up fire on the men holding the hose until his cartridges were exhausted. A company of soldiers who had been summoned entered the room just after the Prince had been floored by a jet of water, overpowered him after a desperate struggle, and bound him.

In the afternoon the Prince was sent to a private asylum. Emperor William and the Czar receive daily reports as to his condition. The cause of his sudden madness is a mystery. He is sixty years old, and throughout his long court life has been universally esteemed for kindness of heart and nobility of character.

The Grand Hotel was partially flooded by the firemen, and the walls near the apartments occupied by the Prince are full of bullet holes. The two wounded servants, although severely injured, may recover.

Prince Anton Radziwill has been the personal adjutant of the three rulers of the German empire. His family is connected closely with the house of Hohenzollern. About a century ago a Hohenzollern married a Radziwill, and the first and only woman loved by Emperor William I, was the Princess Charlotte Radziwill. On account of his affection for this Princess the old Emperor selected Prince Anton Radziwill to be his personal adjutant. Despite the hatred and intrigue of Prince Bismarck, Prince Anton Radziwill maintained his place at court, and in the love and esteem of the old Emperor.

In his last years Emperor William I. was rarely seen unless accompanied by his favorite. The old adjutant was unselfish in his devotion to his sovereign, and won the reputation of being the only man at the German court who did not abuse his popularity for personal aggrandizement. He has always been amiable and honorable and influential in his close relations to German sovereigns, and for many years has been one of the most notable figures in Berlin. He married a grand-niece of Tallyrand, who earned for herself the reputation of the proudest and most revengeful woman in Berlin society.

Cattle Statistics.

The following is an estimate of the number of cattle per square mile of farm land, and the number per 1,000 inhabitants, with the number of square miles of area in farming land to every thousand square miles, for different countries, compiled by a German writer.

	Cattle, per square mile.	Cattle, per 1,000 pop.	Farming land, 1000 sq. miles.
Prussia....	91.4	292	710
Germany....	110.1	319	687
Denmark....	139.0	672	707
Belgium....	176.1	227	763
Italy....	66.6	155	649
Hungary....	69.6	320	648
France....	101.0	350	639
Netherlands....	194.3	328	617
England....	144.0	280	615
Austria....	122.5	360	605
Spain....	22.3	138	551
Switzerland....	142.7	404	522
Greece....	29.5	171	510
Roumania....	88.8	411	506
Portugal....	40.2	148	491
Bosnia....	94.0	...	414
Russia....	42.7	291	337
Servia....	135.4	386	331
United States....	98.9	841	153
Sweden....	118.3	488	122
Finland....	120.2	544	73
Norway....	119.1	508	49

*Except Prussia.

The proportion of farming land in Prussia to its total area is given as larger than in any other country. The number of cattle per square mile is largest in the Netherlands. The United States has by far the largest number of cattle per 1,000 inhabitants, Denmark coming next, while France, Prussia, Austria and England have only from one-half to one-third as many as the United States. The exhibit indicates that England and Europe are likely to continue to afford an excellent market for the surplus meat products of the United States. A serious defect in the above table is the omission of Canada from the list; but probably this country is included under the heading, "America," as maps of this continent are in use in Germany, issued by the U.S. government, which show the Dominion to be part of America. The extent of our farming land is the greatest, and the quality of it is better than what is owned by any country in the world, a fact which the U.S. Emigration maps carefully suppress.

COURT LADIES IN SIAM.

Rather Ill-natured Gossip About Some of the Inmates of the King's Harem.

The Siam Free Press, published at Bangkok, is very outspoken in its references to all matters concerning the royal family, and has even dared to speak in uncompromising terms of the harem. The editor, presumably English, has a very poor opinion of Siamese ideas of female loveliness. He says a Siamese beauty requires only a yellow face, bright eyes and a small waist to be regarded as very charming, and if, in addition to these attractions, she is not over four feet ten inches in height she may aspire to the highest places. Above that stature she is out of the race, and it is very rare to see a tall, handsome woman among the Siamese. If any of the ladies have pretty mouths, they are quickly disfigured by betel chewing. The Siamese think that their white teeth are too much like those of their remote animal progenitors, and so they darken their teeth in an attempt to destroy the resemblance. Nearly all the beautiful young women, according to Siam's standard of beauty, are inmates of the palace, or are distributed among the various princes and minor officials. Beauty in Siam, as in not a few other countries, compensates for want of rank or birth, and blue blood is recruited and reinvigorated by selections from the ranks of the lowest in the kingdom. The highest in the land do not disdain to mate with the offspring of slaves, and the children of these unions are royal highnesses, and keep their little courts with great ceremony.

Here is an incident printed in the Free Press: A princess of Siam, sister of the king, collected a number of children for the purpose of teaching them to dance, and many members of the nobility eagerly sought places for their daughters in the hope that their graceful dancing might bring suitors and, better still, high prices by which means they might pay their gambling debts. Among the number was a pretty girl of ten, with a yellow face, bright eyes, small waist, and limbs well rounded and plump. During a rehearsal the King passed, and being struck with her beauty begged that she be placed in his corps de ballet, which was immediately done. The child was of ignoble origin, but after her master had imposed his hands on her the stain was removed, she was announced as his adopted daughter, and a year later she became a member of the harem. Here she was petted and caressed though her father was still a slave carpenter with debts unpaid. The child of some years ago is now a thin and faded woman. She has had her day and is no longer noticed.

Another royal beauty was the daughter of a hard-handed peasant who, unable to pay his taxes, was reduced to slavery and driven to sell his daughter for the small sum of \$65. She became a noble lady, and her daughter, in turn, became the principal wife of the King, but after a reign of eleven years she had to make room for a younger favorite. The newspaper says also that there is in the palace a handsome young girl who has had the unpardonable audacity to grow stout, yet such is her influence still that her smile brings bracelets of gold to those whom she favors, and her frown anklets of iron. Her powerful hand still directs the destinies of the kingdom.

It is quite certain that in no other capital of the world do newspapers speak so freely and with such gossiping recklessness of the ruler and the ladies of his household as in the capital of Siam.

Pugilists as Statesmen.

Some enthusiastic friends of Corbett, the champion pugilist, having proposed that he be run for congress in his native city of San Francisco, the Chicago Times uses the suggestion as a text for some clever hits at congress itself and some of the peculiarities of that body. It says:—"Mr. Corbett is old enough and bright enough for a seat in the august body, and if there should be any stiffest he would emerge with added honors. One principal duty of a member of congress is to run about from department to department looking after the pension claims and petitions for offices preferred by his constituents. It is a laborious work. Mr. Corbett has demonstrated his capacity as a sprinter, and he could make this grand tour day in and day out without exhausting himself. He is a graduate of a city school and would not find it necessary as a distinguished gentleman from Georgia to ask the referee where he was at. That question, which Mr. Sullivan would doubtless inform members of the house, is one that they would not like to ask concerning Corbett. If Mr. Corbett should go to congress he would not be the first man to fight his way into that ring of powerful statesmen. Mr. Morrissey was there before him, and a very quiet, gentlemanly, well-behaved congressman was this same Mr. Morrissey, who, in his youth, like Corbett, was uncommonly handy with his maulers. The story ran that when Mr. Morrissey found himself in the house of representatives he approached the speaker, Mr. Colla, and, presenting him with a box of fragrant cigars, suggested that he was well aware that he belonged to the minority, but in the distribution of the committees he did not wish to be conspicuously ignored, and at the same time he was not at all desirous of being placed where hard work or all-around statesmanship would be expected from him. It is the custom of the speaker of the house of representatives to give two or three unimportant committee chairmanships to the minority, and when the list was made, lo! at the head of the committee on revolutionary claims appeared the name of John Morrissey. Revolutionary claims had been knocked out by time, and the retired pugilist had a committee room and a clerk and no duties. Mr. Corbett is young, ambitious, and patriotic. When a senator of California desired a seat he bought it. A pugilist who would be returned by an admiring constituency to the house would present quite as respectable a figure in the national legislature as the railroad magnate who bought his way. Mr. Corbett would have advantage of other statesmen in some other particulars. It is a matter of training in his profession never to strike below the belt. Congressmen who are not pugilists are constantly engaged in delivering foul blows. Many congressmen speak to empty benches. It is conceivable that if Mr. Corbett as a congressman were to raise his voice respectful attention would be paid to him, especially by those who sat nearest. He has a heavy hand. That is no reason why he ought not to have a bright head. If San Francisco should return him to the national house it would doubtless excuse him at any time when his professional engagements would necessitate his going into training. There are scores of worse men in congress than this same Corbett."

A LONDON MIRACLE.

An Important Statement by a Well-known Citizen.

Mr. E. J. Powell, of 33 Alma Street, relates his remarkable experience to an Advertiser Representative—Tortured by Malignant Rheumatism from Boyhood. Went Last Escapes from Agony—A Story full of Hope for Other Sufferers.

London Advertiser.

At 33 Alma street, South London, lives Mr. E. J. Powell, a gentleman who has resided in London and vicinity for about six years, and who enjoys the esteem of a large circle of friends here and elsewhere throughout the Province. Those who know him are doubtless aware that he has been a sufferer since his youth from rheumatism in its worst form. His acquaintances in the city, who remember the long siege of the illness he stood a year ago last winter, and who had come to look upon him as almost a confirmed invalid, have been surprised of late to see the remarkable change for the better that has taken place. The haggard face and almost crippled form of a year ago have given way to an appearance of robustness, vigor and agility that certainly seem the result of miraculous agency.

Hearing of this a reporter called on Mr. Powell in order to ascertain by what magic means this transformation had been wrought. The scribe first asked if the reports concerning his wonderful restoration to health were true. "I am thankful to say they are," said Mr. Powell. "My case is pretty well known around here."

"To what do you owe your recovery?" was asked. "I owe it to the use of a certain remedy," he replied; "but I would prefer saying nothing at present. I have suffered nearly all my life with a malady I had begun to regard as incurable. And the fact that I am permanently relieved appears incredible. In common parlance, it seems too good to last. I want to be sure that I am permanently cured before anything is made public, so that when I do give a testimonial it will have some weight. You may call again later on and I will let you know."

About two months later the reporter knocked at Mr. Powell's door, and was admitted by that gentleman himself. The latter said he was now absolutely convinced of the permanency of his cure, but being a man who did not care for publicity, he had hesitated long before he could make up his mind to allow his name to be used. Coming from one of his conscientiousness and probity of character, his words cannot fail to have the weight they deserve.

"The primary cause of my rheumatism," said Mr. Powell, "I attribute to a severe thrashing administered to me by a school-teacher when I was 13 or 14 years of age. I received injuries then which subsequently brought me years of suffering. The first time I really felt any rheumatic trouble was one day when carrying an armful of wood up a flight of stairs in Victoria College, Cobourg, which institution I was attending as a student. This was in 1872. A twinge of pain caught me, but passed away in an instant. I did not know what it was. Again, when playing football, I experienced a like sensation and that marked the commencement. After that I was attacked at various periods, though it was not until 1876 that I began to grow alarmed. I was living then in Toronto, keeping books for my brother, who was in the wholesale tea business, and as I resided on North Penbrooke street and had to walk to Wellington street every day, I found that my rheumatism was getting pretty bad. I did not consult a doctor, but took different patent medicines advertised to cure complaints of my nature. I was not benefited, however. The rheumatism passed away only to return in the fall and spring. In 1878 I engaged in mercantile business in Essex county. From that out I was at indoor work, but the pain returned at intervals. I suffered from sciatica in the left leg; it was very acute at times. In taking stock one day it became so severe that I was hardly able to move around. This was the first acute symptom—that is, where the effects remained for any length of time. I suffered the most intense pain for days. That was about the year 1880.

"For a number of years afterwards I continued to grow worse and worse. In 1884 I went into the real estate business in Toronto, and having a good deal of walking to do, I experienced the pain constantly that summer. It was all day and at all times, frequently so bad that I would have to stand on the street, relax the muscles of my left leg and let it swing until the spasm was over. At most, I could walk but three or four blocks and would then have to halt. I consulted medical men and was advised to try electricity. I took the treatment steadily for several weeks, getting sometimes two or three charges a day on the hands and feet from an electric battery. But it did me not the slightest good. At last my health became so bad that I decided to quit the real estate business and enter upon rural life, thinking that the change of air and occupation might have a beneficial effect. So I exchanged some property for the old Dr. Woodruff fruit farm near the city. I worked it one year, but found it was too laborious for my complaint, which was fast rendering my life a burden; I reluctantly left the farm and came into London three years ago last May. I did some building here, but my malady prevented me from actively engaging in business.

"A year ago last winter the first snow fell on December 1; I went out to shovel the snow, and before I got through I was seized with a pain and had to go into the house. For fourteen weeks I never left it. The only way in which I could be moved was by being wheeled around in an easy chair. What I suffered during that period no one but myself can ever realize. I was attended by the best physician in the city of London. Possibly his treatment was not without temporary effect; at any rate I gradually recovered until I was able to be on my feet once more. I decided to try country life again, and went back to my farm last year, but I still found I had it as bad as ever. I was living in dread of having to go through another ordeal, when I read in the papers about this Marshall miracle in Hamilton. I had then as much faith in Pink Pills as I had in other patent medicines—and that was very great. I did not bother with them nor did I think of the matter again until last September. I saw Mr. Marshall in the Western Fair and he advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I told him I did not think the remedy claimed to cure rheumatism, and that al-

though I had certainly ocular proof that his own was bona fide, my complaint was different to his. Mr. Marshall said he could not say whether it would cure rheumatism or not, but the pills were good for the blood anyway, and at least it would do me no harm to try half a dozen boxes. I neglected his advice; it would be useless to try a medicine, I thought. Many of my friends, who had probably read of the remarkable cures accomplished by Pink Pills, kept urging me to give them a trial.

"At last I yielded and bought six boxes as a sort of forlorn hope. I took four boxes and received no benefit that I could recognize, but while taking the fifth I noticed that for a period of three or four days I felt no pain. This was a novelty to me, as for three or four years I had not known what it was to have a moment's freedom from suffering, whether in bed or out of it. I supposed it was a temporary relaxation due to natural causes. However, it gave me some hope to finish the sixth box. Then I knew I was getting better—much better. The pain which had been constant became intermittent and less severe. My friends and family told me that I was beginning to look like another man. My face, which had begun to wear a drawn expression, common with people who are suffering, commenced to show a better color. My system was being toned up. Inspired with increased hope I purchased six more boxes from Mr. Mitchell, the druggist, and continued to take them, and with each box I realized more and more that it was a cure. I used up thirteen boxes in all, and when the thirteenth was finished I had had not a symptom of pain for three months."

"At that time Mr. Mitchell spoke to me about it in the store. I told him what a blessed change had been wrought for me through the use of Pink Pills. He asked me if I would object to giving a testimonial to the firm—Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville. I said I was not a man who cared for notoriety of any character, and did not relish the idea of having my name published broadcast over the land. That is one of the reasons why I have been so long in making this public. But I am so profoundly grateful for my rescue from a life of pain to one of health and strength that I feel I would be neglecting a duty I owe to suffering humanity if I allowed these scruples to interfere any longer with an avowal of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. I discontinued taking the Pink Pills the 1st of April last. I started again in June and have used six boxes, not because I have had any recurrence of my old complaint, but because I want to thoroughly drive it out of my system. I think the pills as good as a tonic."

"Now," concluded Mr. Powell, "you have my experience. I know what I was; I know what I am, I know that from boyhood I have been a victim of malignant rheumatism, which has been a torture the last few years. I know that I have tried every remedy and been treated by the best medical skill, but in vain; and I know that Pink Pills have succeeded where everything else has failed and that they have brought me back to health and happiness. Therefore I ought to be thankful, and I am thankful." And Mr. Powell's intense earnestness of manner could admit of no doubt as to his gratitude and sincerity. The reporter shook hands and took his leave. "You may ask Rev. Mr. McIntyre, of the Askin Street Methodist Church, or Rev. G. A. Andrews, B. A., pastor of the Lambeth circuit, whether I was a sick man or not," were his parting words.

REV. MR. MCINTYRE'S TESTIMONY.

The reporter dropped in on Rev. C. E. McIntyre at the parsonage, 82 Askin street. "I know Mr. Powell well," said the reverend gentleman when questioned. "He was an esteemed parishoner of mine when he lived on Askin street. He afterwards moved into the country, but he has since returned and is attending the Askin street Church again."

"Do you remember Mr. Powell's illness a year ago last winter?" "Yes; I frequently called on him. He had a very bad attack of rheumatism which laid him up for a long time. He had to be wheeled around the house in a chair."

"You notice that he has recovered?" "Yes; he appears to be a well man now. I heard he had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"You know Mr. Powell to be a thoroughly honorable gentleman and that if he says these Pills cured him, he believes that to be the truth?"

"I do. Mr. Powell is, in my opinion, a most conscientious person, and any statement he would make would be perfectly reliable."

WHAT MR. MITCHELL SAYS.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best selling and most popular medicine in the store," said Mr. B. A. Mitchell, the well known druggist, upon whom the reporter next called.

"Do you know of Mr. Powell's case?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, and I consider it a most remarkable one. I remember that Mr. Powell was a great sufferer from rheumatism. He was continually buying medicine of some sort, but seemed to get no better. Then he commenced to try Pink Pills. I saw he was beginning to look like a different man, so I asked him one day about it. He told me that he traced his cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. As I have already said, the demand for Pink Pills is something astonishing, and they invariably give the best satisfaction. I know this to be so from the voluntary statements of the customers, and if necessary the proprietors could get scores of testimonials from people here who have been benefited by the use of Pink Pills. I have sold thousands of boxes, and have no hesitation in recommending them as a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after-effects of grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature."

Mr. Hodgins, the head clerk, corroborated what Mr. Mitchell had said. The sale of Pink Pills was extraordinary and the general verdict was that it was a wonderful medicine. These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y.,

and are sold only in boxes bearing our trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.—[Emerson.] There is no beautifier like the wish to scatter joy, not pain, around us.—[Emerson.] We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess.

Those who live on vanity must, not unreasonably, expect to die of mortification.—[Mrs. Ellis.] That one should die ignorant who has capacity for knowledge, this I call tragedy.—[Carlyle.]

That action is best which produces the greatest happiness for the greatest number.—[Hutchinson.] Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is the most dangerous.—[Froude.]

Be nice, even to superstition, in keeping thy promises—be equally cautious in making them.—[Fallor.] The trouble with most perfect people is that they spoil their perfection by knowing how perfect they are.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—[Carlyle.] It doesn't always follow that a journal makes a thundering report because it is printed on a lightning press.

He who comes to his own idea of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it in his own mind.—[Hazlitt.] I leave God's secrets to Himself. It is happy for me that God makes me of His court and not of His council.—[Bishop Hall.]

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be; now put foundation under them.—[Thoreau.] Only the refined and delicate pleasures that spring from research and education can build up barriers between different ranks.—[Mme. de Staël.]

Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of our life 'tis most meddled with by other people.—[Selden.] I think it must somewhere be written that the virtues of mothers shall, occasionally, be visited on their children, as well as the sins of fathers.—[Dickerson.]

The thoroughly great men are those who have done everything thoroughly and who never despised anything, however small, of God's making.—[Ruskin.] Incivility is not a vice of the soul, but the effect of several vices—of vanity, ignorance of duty, laziness, stupidity, distraction, contempt of others, and jealousy.—[De La Bruyere.]

But those who have their souls united from this world, and knit to God, they need not complain of the shortness of time, having laid hold on eternal life.—[Archbishop Leighton.] Pass, then, through the little space of time conformable to nature, and end the journey in content, just as an olive falls off when it is ripe, blessing Nature that produced it, and thanking the tree on which it grew.—[Marcus Aurelius.]

"Look on the bright side," said a young man to a friend, who was discontented and melancholy. "But there is no bright side," was his doleful reply. "Very well—then polish up the dark one," said the young man promptly. Are you ever despondent? Then adopt this advice, and remember that the best way to "polish up the dark side" is to work—work hard, and work with ceaseless devotion and energy.

The Strange Story of a Diamond Ring.

No claimant has yet appeared for the magnificent diamond ring, value £250, which at present lies at the lost property office at Scotland Yard, where it was deposited by a lady who discovered it in a mysterious manner. One day last week she rode in a bus from Hampstead to the city to do some shopping. Next her sat a gentleman faultlessly attired and gorgeously jewelled. Among other things he wore a diamond ring, which sparkled and scintillated with every movement of his hand. On arriving at her destination the lady discovered that she had been relieved of her purse during the journey. She returned home disconsolate, as it contained all her pin money, and related her misfortune to her husband. On his suggestion she turned out her pocket. No purse was discernible, but a splendid ring dropped on to the floor. After having the ring valued the finder deposited it at Scotland Yard, where it will lie for three months unless claimed, and at the end of that period she will be entitled to wear it until the owner turns up, which, in all probability, will not be for some time.

What Self-Binders Have Done.

The self-binder was first successfully attached to the reaper in 1870; from 1870 to 1876, inclusive, our average crop of wheat, varying more with the season than with the planted area, had been 258,000,000 bushels. In 1877, when the self-binder first began to be used, the crop amounted to nearly 364,000,000 bushels. Again, in 1878, it mounted up, and from that date to 1887, inclusive, in which period the use of the self-binder had become general, the average crop, varying more with the season than with the planted area, was 440,000,000 bushels. Could the crops of the last ten years have been saved without the self-binder? When we consider that the total number of self-binding reapers now made and sold is 100,000 a year, requiring over 30,000 tons of twine to bind a single wheat crop, do we not find in the tying of that knot on the self-binding harvester a main factor in the export of grain with the returning import of gold on which we resumed specie payment? By that single improvement the cost of wheat was reduced not less than 6 per cent., and in some places 10 per cent.

Newfoundland Matters.

The splendid generosity shown by Canada to Newfoundland in its time of distress through the fire at St. John's, has turned the hearts of the islanders towards this country. The feeling is quite strong in favor of joining Confederation. The peculiar trade arrangements there existing will however be a serious barrier to that movement. The whole business of Newfoundland is controlled by about a score large firms, having English connections. These houses hold a monopoly, all the smaller merchants being dependent upon them for credit. Were the island to join Canada, trade would be entirely changed, in this respect. Our export houses would push in, and, by competition, secure considerable business. We may look then for a bitter struggle to retain these monopolies that are backed by large capital, and have ramifications everywhere. A recent visitor to St. John's has expressed to us his great surprise at the losses on flour caused by barrels being too weak. They were seen by him to be crushed in. Millers should take note of this, and introduce stronger barrels, or some system of protecting them on ship board. Our informant also noticed a marked falling off in the size of the fish caught off the coast of Newfoundland. We should be glad to hear an explanation of this.

A Pleasant Surprise.

"There are six men down stairs waiting to see the editor." "Armed?" "All armed." "Good! Show 'em up. I was afraid they had come to tar and feather me and were going to make me furnish the tar!"

A Question.

How can we raise more corn to the acre? Why, of course by using Putnam's Corn Extractor. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has given universal satisfaction, for it is sure, safe and painless. Like every article of real merit it has a host of imitators, and we would specially warn the public to guard against those dangerous substitutes offered for the genuine Putnam's Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors Kingston.

It is a sharp man who can tell the age of a saw by looking at its teeth.

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pins for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

A lost cause—The club man's excuse to his wife for coming home at 1 a m.

TOOTHACHE. When suffering with Toothache use GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM.

A. P. 626

TORONTO BISCUIT AND CONFECTIONERY CO. make the best goods. Try them and see.

GARFIELD TEA cures Constipation, Sick Headache, restores the Complexion. Get Free Sample at GARFIELD TEA AGENCY, 317 Church St., Toronto.

DRESS-CUTTING. Send for Illustrated Circular of our "New Tailor System" the leading system. New Sample Chart just out. J. & A. CARTER, Toronto, Practical Dressmakers.

SAUSAGE CASINGS. Importations of finest English, constantly on hand, also prime American Hog's Casings. Full lines New Hams, Long Clear Bacon, Ribs, Cheese, Lard, etc. PARK, BLACKWELL & CO., LTD., Successors to JAS. PARK & SON, Toronto.

IF YOU WOULD LIVE

to a good old age, buy a

NEW WILLIAMS SEWING MACHINE.

The Williams Mfg. Co., Ltd., Montreal.

DO YOU IMAGINE

That people would have been regularly using our Toilet Soaps since 1815 (forty-seven long years) if they had not been GOOD? The public are not fools and do not continue to buy goods unless they are satisfactory.

HEARLE.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS

Of Complete Steam Launches from 20x1 to 34x7 "Acme Coal-oil Boilers and Engines" from 1 to 8 H.P. Large sizes. Coal or wood fuel. "The Marsh Steam Pump" the best boiler feeder in the market. Returns exhaust into feed water heating it from 40 to 50 degrees. For catalogue send 3 cent stamp. JOHN GILLIES & CO., Carleton Place, Ont.

FOR COUGHS & COLD'S USE
PERRIN'S COUGH DROPS
BEST ON EARTH

RETAILER! ATTENTION.

Did it ever Strike You

That you can save money by buying direct from us?

EMPIRE TOBACCO CO., MONTREAL.

RICE! RICE!
NO CHOLERA.

In view of the probable presence of cholera, we suggest that one of the safest articles of food is rice, simply boiled and used as a vegetable. Boil in plenty of salted water until grain will crush under pressure, then throw into colander, thus removing excess of water, season to taste and eat with butter and gravy. Used in this way it will be found equal to the best potato and eminently safer. Rice is the natural food in countries never entirely exempt from at least sporadic cases of cholera, and we may well take a hint from nature.—[Extract from New York Shipping List.]

MOUNT ROYAL MILLING & MFG CO., Montreal.

Easily Attached to Halter.



I can eat, drink and breathe if I can't get at my blanket.

E. N. HENEY & CO., Montreal, Sole Manufacturers. Sample Muzzle will be sent by mail on receipt of \$2.00. Liberal Discounts to the Trade.

SYRUP OF FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 75c bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Manufactured only by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, Temperance Street, Toronto, Canada. Apply to Principal, A. Smith, F.R.C.V.S.

AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR NEW BOOKS. Interesting and Instructive Reading for the Young. Illustrated. Just the book for the children. **World's Fair Cook Book.** The biggest Cook Book ever sold for the money. From Epworth to London. Being 50 Photographs of sacred places of Methodism in England. **Beautiful Thoughts of Life.** A handsome book. **Beautiful Songs.** Sacred, sentimental and instrumental. We have several other fast selling books, Bibles and Albums. Send for List, &c. WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher Toronto, Ont.

DON'T BUY

the lowest priced, but buy the best

Mixed Paints

You can find, because, in the end, they are the cheapest. Your dealer has, or should have the

"UNICORN" BRAND

and he knows you cannot get anything better. Made by

A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL.

Baffles Human Conception

Nature's all-powerful healer is discovered and when imbibed freely radiates the arterial network of the body, absorbs and rushes off all effete, deadly poisonous matter. Also it contains all the sixteen elements of ripe molecular life, builds up every weak part, restores nerve and vital power, is the sunshine of life, the wonderful. So say all that use St. Leon Water. World, Feb. 13th, 1892.

THE BUFFALO HOT WATER BOILER



(Patented in Canada and U.S.)

Beats the Record!

IT SAVES FUEL.

INSURES COMFORT

What more do you want?

Send for "Brownie" Catalogue and Price List.

H. R. IVES & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS,

MONTREAL.

GILLESPIES'

Patent Link Apron Blanket Muzzle.

A PRACTICAL INVENTION.

Beyond Comparison.

The best Blanket

Protector Made.

It Cannot Absorb

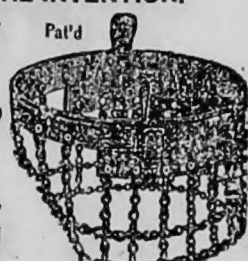
Filth.

It Cleans Itself.

Follows every move-

ment of the head

and does its work.



MINDEN FELD

001 2 1/1592

891.44

All About Shorthand.

This is the title of a 32 page pamphlet of information, containing answers to all the questions an inquirer would be likely to ask about books, instruction, salaries of stenographers, how to secure positions, etc., etc. It will show what young men have done at home on farms and in workshops; how from the humblest beginnings the highest success has been reached by learning this art at piece-meal study, and while pursuing other occupations. The success of stenographers as compared with the success of young men in any other vocation in life, will be seen to be marvellous and encouraging. The author of this system was himself a farmer's boy and learned the art while following the plow. The information he gives in this pamphlet will be of interest and value to every young man (or young woman either) who must earn their own living. The pamphlet is mailed for 5 one cent postage stamps to anyone writing for it and mentioning the paper in which this article appears.

Address, D. L. SCOTT-BROWNE, 251 West 14th Street, New York, N.Y.

R. G. HAIGHT,

The Farmer's Friend
& Licensed Peddler.
Agent for Myers' Horse & Cattle Spice

We will buy everything you have to sell, and sell you most everything you want to buy.

Bring Along
Your Old Copper.
Your Old Brass.
Your Old Rubbers.
Your Wool.
Your Wool Pickings
Your Eggs & Oats
Your Butter.

For which we will pay a higher price than any one in the Village.
In our Peddling Van we will endeavor to carry a choice mixture of

DRY GOODS, T, TOBACCOS.
GROCERIES & TINWARE.

Use Myers' Royal Spice for Pigs, Poultry, Horses, Cattle & Sheep.

R. G. Haight & Co.

Use Myers' Royal Spice.

Tailoring!

—YOU CAN—
SAVE MONEY
BY HAVING YOUR
CLOTHES MADE BY
CLARK & SON,
FENELON FALLS.

William Eastman,
Blacksmith, Horse-shoer

—AND—
GENERAL — JOBBER

Careful personal attention given to Horse-shoeing, everything in Blacksmithing attended to promptly. Work warranted and prices moderate.
Call and give me a trial.
W. EASTMAN,
Minden

TAILORING!

—IT WILL—
PAY YOU
TO GIVE ME A CALL
HERE YOU ORDER YOUR
Spring and Summer
—SUITS—
G. ROWLISON,
KINMOUNT.

Short Horn Bull.

This subscriber having purchased a well bred Durham Bull, will keep him for service on Lot 12, Con. 2, Township of Minden, Twp. 50c, if paid at time of service, other wise, 75c.
ROBERT CASEY

The Minden Echo

MINDEN, FRIDAY, SEP. 30, 1892.

Minden Fall Show.

THE Annual Fall Show of the Minden, Snowdon, Lutterworth, Anson, Hindon, Stanhope and Sherbourne Agricultural Society will be held on the Society's grounds, Minden, on Tuesday next, and should the weather prove favorable it is expected to be one of the best shows in the history of the Society; as the crops in this locality have been very abundant and of excellent quality we hope that all interested in the future of this back country will make it a point to bring out their stuff and exhibit it, not only for the purpose of showing visitors what our country can produce, but also for the mutual encouragement of our own people. Much has been done in late years towards the improvement of horses, cattle, sheep and swine in this locality, and those who possess good stock should take a pride in showing it irrespective of the prizes offered. The whole idea of these exhibitions is for the general benefit of the farming community, inviting healthy emulation and competition, thus stirring up the energies and ambition of our people to excel where others have succeeded; even in farming which is too frequently looked upon as monotonous and laborious. A little enthusiasm not only lightens labor but tends towards success. That this back country is admirably adapted for stock raising has been conclusively and properly solved and now more than anything else the improvement of the stock should receive careful attention. People who take much pleasure in showing off their fine horses, cattle and sheep are now recognized as a source of much profit to the farmer; even the pig, uninteresting though it may be, can be made both useful and very profitable. Farmers, bring out your stock, grain, roots and other products, and be sure you bring your boys and girls with you to see what other people can do and you will be surprised to find what an interest the young people will take in having something worthy of showing at the next exhibition.

Don't Miss Reading This.

THE Toronto Weekly 'Empire' is admittedly one of the very best family newspapers published in the Dominion. It furnishes its readers with a synopsis of news from all parts of the civilized world, the sayings and doings of the public men of the Dominion are fully and freely discussed in its columns, its agricultural department contains much practical and scientific information worth many times its subscription to the intelligent farmer. Its Women's Empire abounds with both poetry and prose interesting to the ladies; its curiosity shop is filled with reading, gay and instructive; its sporting columns are crisp and concise covering the entire range of athletic, aquatic and turf news, while its commercial and financial news, the English, American and Canadian markets for grain, provisions, Farman Dairy products, live stock etc. In addition to this the Empire is issuing a very handsome photographic picture, comprising the members of the Dominion Cabinet and their supporters in the present parliament, a copy of which is now before us so that we can speak conclusively as to the excellent likenesses and the superiority of this splendid work of art that is worthy of a place in the houses of all true Canadians, its size is 28x42 inches with a marginal reference key giving the name of each member with corresponding numbers to those appearing on the photographs. This magnificent picture is furnished gratuitously to new subscribers with the Weekly Empire for one year.

No better time to pay up your subscriptions to the Echo than now. You can't imagine how happy it makes a person feel when he pays an honest debt. Try it and prove it.

No Use Wishing

"You see," he explained to the ingenious young thing as he showed her the wishbone, "you take hold here and I'll take hold here. Then we must both make a wish and pull, and when it breaks the one who has the biggest part of it will have his or her wish some time."

"But I don't know what to wish for," she protested.

"Oh, you can think of some thing," he said.

"No, I can't," she replied, "I can't think of anything I want very much."

"But we mustn't spoil the fun that way," he exclaimed. "I'll wish for you."

"Will you, really?" she asked.

"Way, yes if you can't—"

"Well, then, there's no use fooling with the old wishbone," she interrupted, with a glad smile. "You can have me."

First-Class Crayon Portraits

ANY of our readers desiring first-class crayon portraits made from photographs of members of their family should secure prices from the Anglo-American Art Association, No. 9 Grand Floor, Canada Life Building, Toronto, Ont., who have the largest staff of experienced artists in this line on this continent. Agents can make money securing orders for crayon portraits. Send for full particulars by mail or call on them. Work is unequalled and prices lower than the lowest. A sample portrait from this Company will be on exhibition at the office of the Echo.

He Needed a "Guardeen."

I was the only passenger in the car. Midway of a block another came in. His hat was crushed and his clothing drenched with mud. For a long time he sat in gloomy meditation. Then he hitched up toward me and said:

"I guess I'm the doddered fool runnin' loose in this town at the present time."

"So?" I said.

"Yes, sir. I ain't got sense enough to be let go without a 'guardeen.' See that car up ahead there?"

"I did. It was half a dozen blocks away."

"Well, sir, I run like sixty for morn' a block to catch that car."

"Couldn't catch it, eh?"

"Yes, I could. That's the trouble. I did catch it, and I got in the conductor a dime on the hind platform and he gim me a nicker change. Then somehow I up an' dropped the nicker overboard. I hollered to the conductor to stop the car, but he wouldn't do it, so I ups an' jumps off backwards. Look at my clothes. When I got up that car was out of reach, so I had to wait for this one."

"Did you find your nicker?"

"Oh, yes, found that right enough. Lost my car, spilt my clothes and skint my back just for the gratifyin' privilege of pickin' up that doddered nicker and givin' it to this conductor. I used to think that Bill Thompson was the dingedest fool a goin', but I guess I'm close onto him."

"What did Bill do?"

"Why, don't you know? Bill's dog got his head stuck in a pitcher, and Bill cut off the head to save the pitcher and then broke the pitcher to get the head out."

Political Proverbs.

There ain't but one union jack.

All the fools ain't in parliament.

The old flag never goes on a strike.

Women have wider fields than politicians.

Elckshun to office don't make a bad man good.

Organized labor don't fatten on government jobs.

A man who will steal a vote will steal a horse if he gets a chance.

A parliamentarian begins to get bigger as soon as he heads for home.

A diplomat don't tell all he knows, and a member of parliament tells more'n he knows.

When a man is over head and ears in love with one woman it is useless to ask his opinion of the beauty of another.

A Gallant Old Gentleman.

The writer was a witness of an amusing scene in an English (England) omnibus.

We were "full inside" and just on the point of starting when a young lady arrived wonderfully disappointed on finding the bus full, as the night was a wretched one.

"Never mind, my dear," says an old gentleman, "the door, putting down the newspaper in which he was engrossed, 'just y' come and sit on my knee!'"

This the young lady laughingly did.

The old gentleman made himself very agreeable to her, asking "whether she was married" and wishing he were younger, etc.

At length the young lady signified her intention of alighting at Goldington road.

"I will see you safely home, my dear," says the old gentleman gallantly. "I live at the corner."

"Surely you are not Mr. P.?" says the young lady.

"Yes," answers he, greatly astonished at her knowledge of his name.

"Oh, then, I'm your new housemaid!" was the reply.

How He Popped.

He—Do you ever mean to marry?

She—Perhaps I may some time.

He—Have you made up your mind who the man will be?

She—Merely I no!

He—Still you think you will marry somebody some time?

She—I may.

He (desperately)—Well, what's the matter with me?

A Delightful Picnic.

Ethel—How did you enjoy the picnic, Eva?

Eva—Not very well, I suppose, as it rained so heavily.

Eva—Oh, yes, I enjoyed it immensely. That horrid Miss Gaylord sat down on a huckleberry pie and got stung by a hornet.

: Fall and Winter Goods :

FULL STOCK IN ALL LINES

Heavy and Light Full Cloth, Blankets, Woollen Yarn, Woollen Underclothing, Light and Heavy, a Full Suit of Underclothing for 50c., Cottonades, Shillings, &c., Grey and White Cotton from 5c. a yard.

A Large Stock of Boots & Shoes
JUST TO HAND
Men's Long Boots as Low as \$1.45

GROCERIES,
of the BEST QUALITY and LOWEST PRICES.

Flour, Bacon, Corn Meal, Oat Meal and General PROVISIONS

SALT \$1.40 PER BARREL.

H. Noice.

Going out of Business

As I am leaving Haliburton I will offer the whole of my Stock consisting of

Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, Groceries, BOOTS & SHOES & HARDWARE
At the lowest prices ever before offered in Haliburton.

Prints at 5c. per yd.	worth 10c.
Dress Goods at 8c. per yd.	worth 15c.
Cottonades at 10c.	" 20c.
Cretons	7c.
Men's suits at \$8.50.	worth \$7.00
" Overalls at 60c.	" 1.00
" Shirts	50c.
" Boots	80c.
Women's Boots	75c.
Wall Paper	4c. per roll
6 lbs. Japan tea	for \$1.00
25 lbs. Sugar	for \$1.00

FARMERS,

Now is your chance to get even with

Hard Times.

Remember, everything must be SOLD

Regardless of Cost

Haliburton's Cheapest Store

Highest price paid for all kinds of Farm Produce.

All kinds of Farm Produce taken as Cash

WM. GILES

New Store. New Store. New Store.

—THE—
City Store.

We would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Minden and surrounding country that we have opened out a Stock of General Groceries, Crockery, Boots & Shoes, Flour & Feed, and when our New Store is ready will place in connection a Stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Gent's Furnishings, &c., in all the latest Styles and Lowest prices for Cash or Produce.

We would cordially invite every one to call and inspect our goods & prices. No trouble to show goods and convince you that we can give for Bargains in

GROCERIES, BOOTS & SHOES,
Crockery, Flour & Feed,
Dry Goods, &c.

Workman, Stinson & Co.

A. WILSON, Manager.

DAWSON'S Old Stand, Minden.

MINI-ECHO

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991:44

PATERSON
& Co.'s

BIG SALE

Dry Goods,
Clothing,
Caps,
Furnishings, &c.,

Lindsay Fall Fair

It will pay you to
come and make
your purchases
during the Fair
Week.

Paterson & Co.

Are the greatest
Men for Bargains
in Canada.

Next to Post Office,
LINDSAY

GOD BLESS OUR CANADA.

God bless our Canada!
Glorious Canada!
Land of our birth.
Proud let our nation be,
Blessed in its liberty,
In praise we sing of thee,
Gems of the earth!
Land rich in stream and lake,
Land of wild brush and brake,
Meadow and grove,
May God rich blessings pour,
On thee, from shore to shore.
Thou whom our hearts adore,
Land of our love.
May thy sons honored be,
Far over land and sea,
Where'er they roam;
Tell by their bearing high,
Their tone of chivalry,
Their love of purity,
Thou art their home.
Our country's leaders bless!
'Gainst "greed of gold's" excess,
Firm let them stand.
Lead them in paths aright!
Keep them from sin's foul blight!
Thou, the All-Infinito!
God bless our land.

Newspaper Law.

The following condensation is based upon decisions rendered at various times by Division Court Judges:—

1. Subscribers who do not give definite notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers order a paper to be discontinued, the publisher may continue to send it until all arrears of subscriptions are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect to take periodicals from the post office, they are likewise responsible till all arrears for subscriptions are settled.
4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the old address, they are held liable.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the post office, or removing to another town and leaving the postmaster to mark it "Refused" leaves himself liable to punishment.
6. If subscribers pay in advance they are bound to give notice at the end of their time if they do not wish to continue taking the paper, otherwise the publisher may send until such time as a definite order to discontinue, accompanied by payment of all arrears is sent him.
7. The man who allows his subscription to run for some time unpaid and then orders the paper discontinued or asks the postmaster to mark it "Refused" leaves himself liable to punishment.

It Made a Difference.

Small Boy (complainingly)—Why isn't this griddle cakes this morning?
Mother (reprovingly)—Because you neglected to go to the store yesterday and get me some eggs, as I told you.
Small Boy (with injured air)—You did not tell me they was for griddle cakes.

Like Sheep.

He said if she would give him a kiss he would not ask for another.
"But, dear," she said reproachfully, "what if I wanted another?"
"Oh, that will be all right," he assured her; "kisses are like sheep, when one leads the others follow."

The Boston "Herald" remarks: "It is observed that the first thing that three out of four women read in the newspapers is the dry goods advertisements. Then they go shopping." If this be true, and there is no reason to question the accuracy of the statement, it confirms the wisdom of the dry goods man who is a persistent advertiser.

Bull Against Lion.

A Conflict That Ended Disastrous For the King of Beasts.
The lion has been called the king of beasts, but I will back a bull of good fighting stock against anything that wears hair, said C. W. Cornright at the Southern.
I was travelling in Mexico a few years ago, and at Monterey a little one ring circus with menagerie attachment was travelling. In the outfit was a large and ferocious looking lion, which was claimed as the terror of the animal creation. A Mexican cattle man was an interested spectator, and while the lion was full he mounted a seat and offered to bet the proprietor of the show \$1,000 that he had a bull that could whip the lion in ten minutes. The wager was accepted and the next day set for the battle in the lion hall-pen. The lion was turned loose in the enclosure and a young lamb thrown to him. He killed and ate it and the taste of blood seemed to make him frantic. Then a black wiry, Spanish bull was turned in. Without a moment's hesitation the lion sprang at him, but taurus caught him on his needle-like horns and threw him thirty feet. The lion did not appear anxious to resume hostilities, but the bull was in for a fight to a finish. He rushed at his enemy and gave him another savage toss. The lion retired to the farthest corner of the enclosure and tried to scramble out, but was clabbed back. The bull made another rush, and this time he drove a horn into his antagonist and nearly disembowled him. Every bit of fight in the lion was gone. The bull stood in the centre of the enclosure pawing and bellowing and the terror of the animal kingdom was dragged out and an attempt made to save his life. The bull was boss from the moment he entered the arena.

A PIANO FOR NOTHING

The new management of THE CANADIAN QUEEN make the following liberal offer to advertise their high-class Ladies' Journal, which will be made more attractive than ever. To the person sending the largest list of words constructed from the letters contained in "Excelsior," will be given ABSOLUTELY FREE of expense, one Mason & Rice FIVE TONED HIGH GRADE UPRIGHT PIANO. To the two next largest lists one LAMP'S GOLD WATCH each. To each of the next five largest lists one SEWING MACHINE (value \$40.00). To each of the next ten largest lists one IMPORTED OPERA GLASS. In addition to this offer, we will give a special prize to the first list received each day. Send AT ONCE ten cents for a sample copy of THE QUEEN containing rules. THE QUEEN PUBLISHING CO. LTD., Toronto, Canada.

Pertinent Pointers.

There is nothing gained or retained in this world without care.
It is harder to bring up a run-down animal than to keep it up.
Keep the cellar well aired in summer and well filled in winter.
Thorough breeding should be accompanied by thorough feeding.
The character of the farmer is reflected in the condition of his stock.
The farmer should know the needs of the crop and the lack of the soil.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE, is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can successfully stand. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease CONSUMPTION, don't fail to use it, it will cure you or cost nothing. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and \$1.00.

Ferguson says he wishes the law that compels the saloons to shut up at 11 o'clock applied to his wife.

A Cold in the Head

Is the beginning of catarrh, and catarrh often lays the foundation for consumption. The last disease may be avoided by curing the first two, either of which yields at once to Clark's Catarrh Cure, price 50 cents. It clears the head, restores the sense of smell, and drives away that dull headache which all experience who have Catarrh in any form. One package of Clark's Catarrh Cure will work wonders. If the druggist has not got it, send price direct to Clark's Chemical Company, Toronto or New York, and the package will be sent by return mail.

Penelope—Going into business?
Cholly—No; father thinks I'm too much of an ass. I'm going into society.

Many Ladies

have written that Clark's Catarrh Cure has relieved them, restoring perfectly in every sense. Through gratitude they have consented that their names be published. Yet the Clark Chemical Company will not use this claim to advertise their remedy. They will not parade the sufferings of any one, or invade the sacred privacy of any home. Any sufferer from catarrh will recommend Clark's Catarrh Cure, and that good word is worth more than the published certificate. Clark Chemical Company, Toronto, New York.

This thing is worth looking into," murmured the pretty girl as she stood in front of her mirror.

For Over Fifty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Send for it by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Oh, What a Cough!

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 30c., to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by a East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 230 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.—33-52t

Sheep Estray.

CAME into the premises of the subscriber, Lot 18, Con. 8, Township of Minden, about the 1st instant, FOUR SHEEP. The owner is hereby notified to claim property, pay expenses and take them away.

John Lytle

NOTICE.

ALL parties indebted to the undersigned either by book account, note or overdue mortgage are hereby notified that they are required to settle up this fall without fail, otherwise prompt steps will be taken to enforce payment.

Mark Morrison.

Minden, 21st Sept. 1892.

Subscribe for the
ECHO.
Only \$1 a Year.

Dates of Inventions.

Furnaces for puddling iron were invented by Cort in 1791.

The magic lantern was the invention of Roger Bacon in 1260.

The steam printing press was invented by Richard Hoe, 1842.

The Argand lamp was the invention of Aime Argand in 1789.

Wooden pavements were the invention of Nicholson in 1854.

Globes and maps were the invention of Anaximander, 602 B. C.

The machine for paring apples was devised by Contes in 1803.

The first pair of spectacles was made by Spina, an Italian, 1299.

The circulation of the blood was discovered by Harvey in 1617.

Machines for setting type were invented by Mitchell in 1854.

The first dictionary was made by the Chinese scholars, B. C. 1109.

Platform scales were the invention of Thaddeus Fairbanks in 1831.

Diamond-cutting by machinery was first done in Holland in 1489.

Washboards were invented by an American named Rice in 1849.

The circular saw was devised by Benham, an Englishman, in 1790.

Threshing machines were invented by Menzies, a Scotchman, in 1732.

The first silver coin was made by Phidon, King of Argos, 869 B. C.

The spinning jenny was the invention of Hargreaves, in England, in 1767.

The first post-office opened its doors in Paris, 1462; in England, 1581; in America, 1710.

Light howitzers, for field use, were first made by Paixhans in 1822.

Machines for making tacks were first made by Thos. Blanchard, 1806.

The amalgamator was an American invention by Narney about 1850.

The first training school for teachers was organized in Prussia in 1785.

The snare drum was brought to Europe by the Saracens about 703.

The dinner fork was introduced into Italy in 1491, into England in 1608.

The method of vulcanizing rubber was invented by Goodyear in 1849.

Gilding with gold leaf was first done by Margaritone, an Italian, in 1273.

The first omnibus appeared in Paris in 1825; in New York five years later.

Stereotyping was the invention of Didot, 1793; and came to America 1813.

The alphabet was brought into Greece from Phoenicia 1493 years before Christ.

The soulentrancing clarinet was the invention of Denner, a German, in 1690.

The hand fire engine was first made in Holland by Vanderheides about 1510.

The soul-moving accordion was invented by Danian, of Vienna, in 1829.

The game of backgammon was invented by Sir Humphrey Davy in 1815.

The rifle was invented by Whitworth in 1800; the repeating rifle by Sharp, 1818.

The first patent for sewing machines was granted to Weisenthal in England, in 1755.

Calico printing was first executed by the Dutch in 1670; first made in England, in 1771.

Matches for striking a light were invented in 1839—the other kind by Adam and Eve.

Coal was first made from coal by Clayton, 1739, and was first used for illumination in 1792.

The steam engine was known 120 B. C. The first perfect engine was made by Watt, 1761.

Church bells were made by Paulinus, an Italian bishop, to drive away demons, about 400 A. D.

Air brakes were invented by George Westinghouse in 1869, and subsequently often improved.

The bagpipe, the favorite Scotch and Italian instrument, was invented in Greece, 200 B. C.

The daguerrotype was invented by Daguerre and the first miniatures were produced in 1838.

Paper from rags was made in A. D. 1000, the first linen paper in 1319, and from straw in 1800.

Chain shot were the invention of De Witt, the great Dutch admiral. They were first used in 1666.

Watches were first made in Nuremberg in 1477, and were called "Nuremberg and mated eggs."

Window glass was used in Italy in churches in the eleventh century, in English houses in 1557.

Playing cards were invented for the amusement of the crazy King Charles VI., of France, in 1380.

The small photographic portrait was first made by Fevier, in 1857, and was at first used on visiting cards.



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A MOONLIGHT ESCAPE.

CHAPTER III.

Effie came down the next morning a little ashamedly; but, to her relief, no one else was in the breakfast-room. Her father had gone out early, and Mrs. Dering was often late.

"Mrs. Watson has been inquiring for you, miss," said the footman, as he brought in the toast. "She particularly wishes to see you when you have breakfasted."

"Tell her I will see her in five minutes," said Effie, wondering what could have brought the woman there at such an early hour.

She was the grandmother of Patience Yates and rather feeble, and Effie wondered why she did not send her grandson to see her instead of coming so far herself. That was soon explained by the fact that Patience had broken her leg the day before by a fall from the loft.

"And, if you please, miss, she do want to see you awful bad," the old woman said. "Her cry all night has been, 'Ask Miss Effie to come and see me the first thing to-morrow'; and, seeing her so worried, I made so bold as to come, hoping you'll excuse me, miss."

"Oh, poor Patience! Of course I will come this very instant!" cried Effie, always impulsive and pitiful. "At least, I will run on before you; indeed, you shall be driven down, for the cart is going to the station."

And she caught up a hat in the hall as she passed through and was flying down the avenue in a moment.

Patience was lying in her uncomfortable-looking little bed, her cheeks feverish, her eyes unnaturally bright. She gave a glad cry when Effie entered alone.

"Oh, how good of you to come, miss!" she said, bursting into tears. "I have been half mad with fear all night, and I could think of no one but you to tell, is grandmother there?" she whispered, glancing towards the door.

"She won't be here just yet," said Effie, soothingly. "Don't excite yourself, Patience. If there is anything to tell, you have time to tell me."

The girl's manner had impressed her. Instinctively she went to the door and shut it. She was shocked to find Patience sobbing when she returned to her bedside.

"Is the pain so great?" asked Effie sympathetically.

"It's not that, miss," sobbed the girl. "Oh, I don't know what to do!"—and she hid her face in the pillow.

"Now, Patience, I can't help you unless you confide in me," said Effie, in low measured tones that soothed the excited girl in spite of herself. "I will help you in every way in my power, but you must tell me everything."

Then, little by little, Patience confessed, and her story nearly took Effie's breath away.

It appeared that, early that summer, Patience had been married at the registrar's office of a neighbouring town to Joe Davis, the man who was now being sought for as the murderer of the gamekeeper. The young couple had confided in no one, fearing that Patience's grandmother would turn the girl out of doors if she heard of the marriage, and Joe having no home for his wife at present. They were in the habit of meeting in a lonely spot in a pine-wood known only to themselves, had been there on the fatal night, and now Joe was hiding there from the pursuit of the police. He knew that a wife cannot give evidence for or against her husband, so that he could not prove an alibi; circumstances were completely against him, and he feared to move.

Patience had been in the habit of taking him food every other day; now she was in despair at his being left there friendless and destitute. Hunger must send him forth into the midst of his enemies, and he would certainly be convicted.

In this emergency she could think only of applying to Effie. She knew that the latter was in the habit of taking long walks, and that the task of taking a basket to the wood would not be too arduous for her. She knew the girl was brave, and there was no one else in whom she could trust. She hurried over her story, dreading that her old grandmother might come in and interrupt; and, when it was finished, she cast her pathetic eyes up to Effie's face in a way that the girl could not resist.

"This is very dreadful, Patience!" said Effie gravely. "I don't mean about your helping Joe now; it is the deceit to your grandmother that shocks me."

"What could I do, miss?" She would not fear of her marrying, and I loved him so!" said the girl sadly. "I thought, if I married him, I could keep him straight; and now I have brought this upon him!"

And her sobbings broke out afresh.

"Don't cry, Patience," said Effie; "that will do no good now, and only make you worse. We must see what can be done. Of course I can't speak of this to my father as he is a magistrate; he would have to give Joe up to the police."

"And you promised, miss, to tell me!"

"Of course I will keep my promise. Well, I suppose I must go to the pine-wood this afternoon. How am I to find the cave?"

"It will be difficult, I am afraid, miss, but there is a heap of small stones at the side of the path where you have to leave it, and I dare say you will see the bushes bent where I have passed. The cave is almost at the top of the wood, and there is a sort of natural hedge separating the wood from the common; there are clumps of furze-bushes on the other side of the hedge. But, if you will wait three minutes, miss, Joe will come out; that is our signal. You had better take my whistle; it is on that table. And would you kindly look all round before waiting to see that no one is about? I have never met a soul there; but one can't be too careful."

These directions did not sound very explicit; but Effie was accustomed to wandering about the woods, and did not despair of finding the hiding place. She promised Patience that, if she were unsuccessful, she would let her know that night, and would come to see her, in any case, on the following morning. Patience kept her a long time, giving her messages for Joe and trying to explain the way she must take to get to him; but the old grandmother's entrance put a stop to this conversation, and Effie left at once.

As she walked slowly home, it occurred to her that she had made a rash promise, and would have some difficulty in carrying it out. It would take her at least an hour

to reach the place indicated by Patience, as she must go on foot if she wished to escape attention and questioning. Then finding the cave might take some time, and probably Joe would detain her, asking after his wife. She must allow nearly three hours for all this, especially as she intended to buy some provisions at the shop in the village as she passed. Hector was coming over that afternoon; he would be naturally impatient at finding she stayed away so long, and at least ask where she had been. It was altogether a difficult enterprise. But she had undertaken it and must carry it through.

The instant luncheon was over she slipped out into the park with a large basket, in which she had already placed great slices of cold beef and a loaf of bread. In the village she bought cheese and jam, and biscuits—for Effie was a young woman who never did things by halves—and started on her quest. The way was long and difficult, and the basket was heavy, but Effie trudged along, first through the wood, and then down a ravine at the foot of which a mill-stream ran. She had now and then to spring from one boulder to another as she pursued her way by the side of the stream, and once nearly slipped into it, basket and all; but she was rather enjoying her adventure.

Effie followed the stream for some time till she came to an old ruined mill; then she crossed a field or two, climbed a steep hill on which sheep were grazing, and reached the large pine forest that stretched along a mountainous range and lost itself in the distance.

She walked along the narrow path strewn with pine cones, till she came to the heap of stones of which Patience had told her. Now her difficulties began. It was very hard to struggle through the bushes with her heavy basket, harder still to find the way, though here and there she was aided by the sight of a rag of Patience's dress that had got caught by a bush, or a broken twig that showed that some one had brushed past it. Joy—the summit reached at last; there was the hedge, there were the furze-bushes on the other side! But no sign of a cave was there, and the stillness was overpowering. For a moment Effie felt nervous, or rather awestruck. Here she was alone, with a desperate man hiding perhaps almost under her feet. Why, when Joe saw that a magistrate's daughter had found out his hiding-place, he might strike her to the ground before she could explain why she had come.

But she had not come all this way to succumb to nervousness; she put the whistle to her lips and blew it three times as directed. There was a crashing of the branches near her, and a man appeared as if by magic before her.

"Hush!" said Effie, as he stepped back with a muttered imprecation. "Patience has sent me. She is ill, and I was the only person she could trust. I have brought you some food!" and she handed him the basket.

Joe's face cleared at once; it was a dark, handsome, gypsy-like one, and his smile was pleasant, showing white even teeth.

"It's Miss Dering!" he cried. "Well, it was bold of Patience to send the likes of you on such an errand. What is the matter with her miss?" he asked anxiously.

"She hurt her leg by falling from the loft yesterday," replied Effie not caring to increase his anxiety by saying it was broken, "and will not be able to come and see you just yet. She was very uneasy about you—afraid that you would have got out to get food; and she could not think of any one else whom she could trust. You should not have persuaded her to marry you secretly, Joe; see the harm that comes of doing it! Had it not been for that, you would not have to hide now. But I ought not to hold you at such a moment; there is no acid for it now, and we must do the best we can to get you safely out of this place."

"I will not stir till they find the real murderer," said Joe stolidly. "If I do, they will take me up."

"Have you any suspicion who it is?" asked Effie.

"Yes, miss, I have; but say, all these people are wrong about me now, and I may be wrong about him."

"You are quite right," said Effie admiringly. "And I am only sorry that such a brave fellow should have to hide as you are doing. But you have some time—"

"Done a little poaching?" said Joe, as she hesitated. "Yes, miss; and that is just why I am afraid to stir out now."

"Well, Patience and I must consult together as to what is best to be done," said Effie, wishing to get away, but too kind-hearted to leave the poor fellow too abruptly. "I will come again in a day or two; you must make these things last till the day after to-morrow."

"You are very kind miss; but I hope that Patience will be able to get about by that time. She is not very bad is she?"

"To tell the truth, Joe, she won't be able to come here for a long time."

"Oh, miss, what is it?" he cried anxiously.

"It is really only her leg," said Effie; "but I know it will take a long time to get well. But, if she does not feel too anxious about you, she will get on nicely. And now I must go; but I should like to see this wonderful cave first."

Joe led the way to a clump of brambles, pulled away a branch and disclosed a small opening in a rock over which the brambles grew.

"Will you come in, miss?" he asked.

Effie could not resist gratifying her curiosity, and followed him, bent nearly double in a sort of natural grotto about six or seven feet square. A ray of light came through a shaft at the farther end, and this opening served to let out the smoke when Joe dried light a fire. There was a bed of dried grass and leaves with a rug thrown over it in a corner, a few kitchen utensils were near the rude fireplace, and a heap of potatoes was in another corner. A dreary enough prison for a strong healthy man accustomed to live in the open air.

"And have you to stay here all the time?" she asked compassionately.

"Not in this cave exactly, miss," replied Joe. "You see these brambles grow in a circle and quite hide the stone; and I sit here, just outside, most of the day, where no one could see me."

She had come out into the space he spoke of in front of the cave, where he could certainly get air and sunshine, though not exercise.

"And don't you ever walk?"

"Oh, yes, miss; I walk out at night, up and down to the moorland on the days when I don't go far in the dark on account of losing the cave. Sometimes I get desperate, and go on to the moorland on the days when I don't expect Patience. I have never seen a soul there, nor has Patience met any one all this time that she has been coming to see me. The only other person that knows of this cave is in America; he and I found it out quite by accident, and have often come here when out poaching."

"Enough, Joe!" said Effie, smiling. "I must not hear any of your poaching stories. I will tell Patience that you are getting on very well, and I will come the day after to-morrow; I dare say you would like a book or two."

"Oh, miss, if you would be so kind!" said Joe.

"Very well! And now good-bye, Joe! And I will give you love to Patience."

"And, if she can come, miss, she will, I know."

"You may be sure of that!" said Effie.

Then she left Joe Davis and made the best of her way home, where she found that a hue-and-cry had been raised for her. Her father had been looking for her, so that she might see a horse that he thought of purchasing; her mother had sent for her to drive out to pay a formal visit to people recently come to the county; and Hector Lyndhurst had been waiting for her for three hours.

CHAPTER IV.

The young man looked decidedly sulky as Effie came up the lawn, flushed and dishevelled-looking. Her pretty print dress had been torn in several places in her scramble through the bushes and had a large green stain on it. Her hair had been caught in a branch, and a loose tress had escaped from the thick coils in which she wore it and hung on her shoulder. Her large garden-hat had also suffered and presented a battered appearance. Altogether the girl looked as unlike herself as was possible.

"I think you might have stayed at home for me to-day," said Hector. "Mr. and Mrs. Dering could not imagine where you had gone."

"I have been for a long walk," said Effie, trying to speak carelessly and wondering if it were possible to get redder than she was at that moment.

"So I should imagine," laughed Hector; "and a long climb, too, to judge from the state of your dress! Why did you not wait for me and let me come with you?"

Effie was rather at a loss for an answer, for two or three reasons. Concealment was utterly foreign to her nature, and she saw that she could be put through her feelings as to where she had been both by Hector and by her parents. She disliked interference, and did not care to be questioned by Hector, and the idea of his having a right over her coming and going was quite painful to her.

"The fancy seized me to start off when I did," she replied, after some slight hesitation. "Do you know if there is any tea in the drawing-room? I am dying of thirst!"—and she ran up the steps and into the house.

"Dear me, what an appalling object I am!" she cried, as she caught sight of herself in a glass. "I must run up-stairs and make myself tidy. Do ring the bell for tea, Hector, whilst I am gone!"

She was not long away, but she came down transformed. A fresh white frock had displaced the torn one, her hair was neatly arrayed, and nothing remained to show that she had been taking unwonted exercise but the deepened bloom on her cheeks.

"I hope you have not had tea, Hector," she said, as she seated herself at the table; "for I mean to eat a good meal. Have you seen mother?"

"I have," he replied stiffly. "She drove off to make a call about an hour ago."

"Oh, the Parkinsons, of course! What an escape I have had! If I had been here, I should have been pressed into the service; there is nothing I hate like calling on new people."

"Parkinson? That was the man whose keeper was killed, was it not?"

"Yes," said Effie, angry with herself at finding that a burning blush was covering her face and neck.

She stooped down to pick up her handkerchief, which she had let fall on purpose; and she knew that Hector had observed her heightened colour, and this made her utterly speechless.

Hector had remarked it, and determined on finding out where the family consisted of, and whether there were any young male Parkinsons addicted to country rambles. He and Effie passed a rather *mauvais quart d'heure*; and then he had to go, as he was engaged to dine at a house a long way off.

He was too proud to ask Effie to ride part of the way home with him, and she was too embarrassed to offer her company. So, when his horse was brought round, he started off alone, and with a sinking heart Effie watched him ride away. She felt that, though; really she had had no other course to pursue, Hector had a right to feel himself badly treated, and she might have been a little more gracious at first.

She felt thoroughly disgusted with everything and everybody, too tired to go out and disinclined to practice her songs. She took up a book and tried to interest herself in its contents until her parents returned. But she could not concentrate her thoughts; they would wander back to Hector. He had not even suggested coming the next day; and she had to go to the pine-wood again the day after that; so it might be some time before she saw him. She was surprised at the pain that this thought gave her.

"You must really behave better now that you are an engaged young lady," said Mrs. Dering to her daughter, as they sat on the terrace drinking their coffee after dinner.

"Hector did not seem at all pleased at your wandering off in that cavalier fashion."

"He can't expect me to be at his beck and call all day," said Effie, throwing up her head.

"Still, it was rather rude to run away just as he was coming. You were away so long, too; it must have looked as if you did it on purpose. I hope you did not go away to plague him, child?"

"No, indeed, mother dear!" said Effie, thankful that for once she could speak the truth without any mental reservation.

"Well, you must be nice to him to-morrow to make up for it," said Mrs. Dering, who was one of the most easy-going women in existence.

So he was coming to-morrow! Effie's heart gave a glad bound. Nice to him! She would be glad that if he gave her the chance; and she went happy and tired to bed.

She went down early to see Patience the next morning, and found her craving for news. Effie told her all that had passed, and the girl thanked her with tears in her eyes for the trouble she had taken. But she had no idea of the weight of the burden that she had laid upon Miss Dering's shoulders, or of the consequences that would arise from it.

Hector Lyndhurst came over that afternoon. He seemed rather inclined to stand on his dignity at first, but thawed rapidly under Effie's sweet influence; and they spent a very happy time together, building castles and making plans for the future, which stretched so smilingly before them. Only Effie would not hear of a hasty marriage. She was "too young to marry yet," she said, and had not even got accustomed to the fact of her engagement. Hector must not mention the word "wedding" until next year. And with this Hector was fain to be content.

"But, at the same time, I see nothing to wait for," he said gloomily. "Many girls marry long before they are your age; and what difference would a few months make?"

"Now, Hector," laughed Effie, "it is of no use to argue with me; I mean to have my way in everything as long as I am Effie Dering!"

"And when you are Effie Lyndhurst?"

"Nous verrons," she said, laughing. "But I must not waste my time any more with you here," she cried. "We must both go and dress for dinner; Mr. and Miss Parkinson are coming to dine."

"Why, I thought your mother paid her first visit there yesterday!"

"Yes; but mother is not ceremonious. She took a fancy to the girl—whom we have met two or three times at the houses of common friends—and asked her to come over and dine and bring her brother."

Hector was not too well pleased; he wanted a stroll with Effie after dinner, and of course that would now be impossible. However, he could not dispute to his future mother-in-law as to the invitations she might choose to give, so he followed his beloved into the house—they had been sitting out on the lawn—and determined to make himself generally agreeable at dinner.

It was not difficult to be agreeable to the Parkinsons; they were both charming—Mabel was a most fascinating girl, though not at all pretty, and her brother Harold was far too good-looking, in Hector's opinion, to sit on the other side of the table with Effie. In fact, these two got on so well together that the young man opposite felt inclined to be jealous. Mrs. Dering monopolised him, while her husband talked to Miss Parkinson, so Effie and Harold Parkinson had a long *tête-à-tête*.

Effie found him delightful. The Parkinsons were nouveaux riches; but these young people showed no trace of that fact in appearance, conversation, or manner, unless it might be that they were easier in manner than is usual among young men and maidens in these days. Parkinson, *per se* had bought a mansion called Fairleigh House, with very large preserves; Harold seemed devoted to field sports and looked forward to the hunting season with rapture. This was at once a bond of friendship between him and Effie, and they discussed the relative merits of their different horses during at least three courses.

At last, to Hector's relief, the conversation became general. It turned eventually on the murder of the Parkinsons' gamekeeper. Mr. Parkinson had offered a very large reward to the discoverer of the murderer; and detectives, both professional and amateur, were on the lookout at all the soap-towns, as well as in London, for this very Joe Davis who was in hiding so near the scene of the crime.

"How he has not been found is a mystery to me," said Harold Parkinson, "as he has distinctive marks, it appears. I never saw the fellow, but I hear that he is particularly good-looking and dark—swarthy as a gypsy, they say—taller than the usual run, and holding himself like a soldier, with very white teeth and a deep scar near the left temple. There are not many Englishmen of his class to whom that description could apply."

"When was he seen here last?" asked Mrs. Dering.

"The day after the poaching affray," replied Harold. "He pretended to have known nothing about it; then one of his friends warned him that he was suspected and he disappeared from that day."

"I think he must be hiding somewhere near," said Mabel.

Effie felt her cheeks beginning to burn. Just at that moment she caught Hector's eyes fixed upon her. This had not the effect of lessening her color, and her lover was left to imagine the reason of the vivid blush. He did not connect it with the poacher, and in his jealous mind put it down to a glance of admiration from Harold Parkinson, who was helping her to strawberries at the time. Hector became noticeably silent for the remainder of the repast, and Effie was glad when the ladies rose from the table.

She wandered out upon the terrace with Mabel, while Mrs. Dering sat by the open window, interchanging a word with the girls now and then as they passed her. Then the two young men came out, and the young people paired off in the inevitable fashion.

It was a relief to Effie to be obliged to walk with Harold. She had an idea that Hector would question her as to her confusion at dinner; but he had apparently forgotten it for the moment, though it served as a link in the chain of future events. He was now racked with jealousy at the sound of Effie's light laugh as she and Parkinson strolled along together, and could hardly frame replies to Mabel Parkinson's attempts at conversation.

The young lady—who, being moderately good-looking, more than moderately clever, and exceedingly well off, was not accustomed to being companioned so extremely uninteresting that she left him abruptly for the more congenial society of Mrs. Dering; and Hector, not liking to join the other couple, or rather wander in search of them, for they had disappeared into the shrubbery, as Harold had expressed a wish to see the tennis-court—sat gloomily nursing his jealous thoughts till the truant returned, his own face to plague him, child?"

"No, indeed, mother dear!" said Effie, thankful that for once she could speak the truth without any mental reservation.

"Well, you must be nice to him to-morrow to make up for it," said Mrs. Dering, who was one of the most easy-going women in existence.

So he was coming to-morrow! Effie's heart gave a glad bound. Nice to him! She would be glad that if he gave her the chance; and she went happy and tired to bed.

"You know, Hector, if we were never to quarrel, we could never make it up."

This speech sent him home more infatuated about her than ever.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Effect of Music on Animals.

The horse can distinguish between musical notes. "There was a work horse of my own," says Mr. Stephens in his "Book of the Farm," "that even at his corn would desist eating and listen attentively, with pricked and moving ears and steady eyes, the instant he heard the note low G sounded, and would continue to listen so long as it was sustained; and another that was similarly affected by a particularly high note." The recognition of the sound of the bugle by a trooper, and the excitement occasioned in the hunter when the pack give tongue, are familiar instances of the power of horses to discriminate between the different sounds; they never mistake one call from another.

Recognizing the love of horses for music, a wealthy enthusiast in the latter part of the seventeenth century had regular concerts provided for the benefit of his stud. Jacques Bonnet, when in Holland in 1688, visited the stable, and saw there the raised orchestra from which, once a week, a selection of favorite airs was played to cheer up the spirits of the listening animals.

On sheep and cattle, music, both vocal and instrumental, has a highly beneficial effect. There is a poetic saying among the Arabs that the song of the shepherd fattens the sheep more than the richest pastures of the plains, and the saying rests, no doubt, on a foundation of fact. Eastern shepherds are in the habit of singing and piping to quicken the action of the flocks under their charge. A lamb which had a discriminating ear is mentioned by Mr. J. G. Wood. It delighted in the brisk and lively tunes, such as are set for polkas and quadrilles, but abhorred all slow and solemn compositions. This frivolous lamb had the deepest detestation for a national *ban-ban*, and would set up such a continuous *baa-baa* as soon as its ears were struck with the unwelcome sounds that the musician was fain to close the performance, being silenced by mirth if not by pity.

When cows are sulky, milkmaids in the Highlands of Scotland often sing to them to restore them to good humor. In France the oxen that work in the fields are regularly sung to as an encouragement to exertion, and no peasant has the slightest doubt but that the animals listen to him with pleasure.

Deer are delighted with the sound of music. A traveler in England speaks of meeting a herd of stags upon the road, following a bagpipe and violin. When the music played, they went still and in a moment they all stood stiff, and in that position they were brought up out of Yorkshire to Hampton Court.

The cheering influence of music is seen in the case of camels. During their long and painful marches the conductors of caravans often comfort their animals by playing on instruments. The music has such an effect that, however fatigued they may be by their heavy loads, the animals step out with renewed vigor.

Seals are very fond of music, and have been known to follow a boat for a long distance in which some one was playing. According to some authorities, the seal perceives the sound of the bagpipe to that of any other instrument.

Sir John Hawkins says that one evening a friend of his was playing by himself in a house. He had not played a quarter of an hour when he saw several spiders descend from the ceiling, which came and ranged themselves about the table to hear him play, at which he was greatly surprised; but this did not interrupt him, being willing to see the end of such an occurrence. They remained on the table till somebody came to tell him that supper was ready, when, having ceased to play, he told me these insects mounted to their webs, to which he would suffer no injury to be done. It was a diversion in which he often entertained himself out of curiosity.—[The Leisure Hour.

French Love Songs.

The love songs of France may be traced back to the time of the Crusaders and chivalry, when the influence of women began to be felt in society, and they were no longer treated as inferior beings, but set upon a pedestal to be worshipped. The troubadours and trouveres singing from one end of France to the other mingled with this new cult all the beauty and romance of nature, all the love of Spring, the delight in trees and flowers and nightingales, the rapture of sunset and sunrise, the music of running water. Thus the eleventh century seduced to bring a new world into being, but it was only what men learned to see, and that feelings which had always existed found their way into words and melody. Songs as old as this still exist and are popular, and by adding an accompaniment to the old simple airs, M. Tiersot justifies his claim for them to be placed higher in the scale of art than their more modern successors.

In this old world of sentimental song the most remarkable cycle is that of the pastorals. One is at first apt to connect this name with all manner of unreality, and to see the shepherds and shepherdesses in court dress, or at least from a country point of view. And truly, the pastoral songs and poems which owed their existence to troubadours and trouveres did at last find their way to town and court, and the original "Robin et Marion," itself popular in the right sense even to this day, was the forerunner of "Trois," "Amis," "Philis," "Lisidas"—all the dancing throng with ribbons and crooks which made M. Jourdain ask, "Pourquoi toujours ces bergers?"

These mock pastorals, as everybody knows, are a study in themselves. They have not interfered with the old peasant pastorals, any more than the ordinary popular love songs of the Middle Ages have disappeared because so many of them, losing their way, strayed also into the artificial air of courts, and thus lost too their own special character. Yet they have lived a double life, like other songs, and linger on in their old forms among their old companions in the peasant world to which they really belong, and of which, on its sentimental side—which exists in spite of the esprit gaulois—they give a true picture.—[The Contemporary Review.

A Rochester physician who has been experimenting on the subject avers that the mosquito can readily be exterminated by the use of petroleum.

WINDEN ECHO

06/10/1952

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THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADA.

A protest has been entered in the Manitoba courts against the election of ex-Speaker Jackson.

The name of Archbishop Fortin is mentioned in connection with the bishopric of Saskatchewan.

Scarlet fever of a malignant type has appeared in the city of Winnipeg.

Mr. T. A. Bernier, St. Boniface, was notified on Saturday night that he had been appointed Senator in place of Mr. Girard, deceased.

Brossau, the defaulting Montreal customs officer, has been arrested in Boston.

At Farrellton, Ont., on Saturday evening, a brakeman named Joe Rice, aged 21, got caught in a frog and lost both feet.

Mr. F. W. Collier, Postmaster-General at British Guiana, is at present on a visit in Montreal. He is of the opinion that an important trade could be worked up between that colony and Canada.

A shipment of sealskins valued at \$200,000 has just left Vancouver, B.C., for London.

Hon. John McKinnon, M. L. C. of Nova Scotia, is dead, aged 87.

William E. Reid, founder of the Grand Trunk Sick Benefit Society, died at Windsor on Thursday night, aged 68.

The contract with the Allen line for mails to Great Britain has been renewed by the Dominion Government.

Several carloads of silk are en route over the C.P.R. from Vancouver to New York. The cargo is valued at \$600,000.

Mr. Skinner, M. P., of St. John, N. B., has formally resigned his seat in the House, and a warrant has been issued for a writ for a new election.

Mr. Samuel Wilson, of Whitewood, Man., while driving to a neighbouring town on Friday night, was shot and killed by the accidental discharge of a gun that was lying in his buggy.

The Provincial Board of Health and the Government of Ontario have decided not to establish quarantine against New York, but to place inspectors at Fort Erie, Niagara and Kingston, and disinfect all doubtful baggage.

The Minister of Customs has sent instructions to the collectors of Customs throughout Canada to exercise the greatest possible vigilance in order to locate any suspicious article in which cholera infection might exist which may be imported from infected localities in the United States.

Several of the directors of the Ottawa Protestant Hospital intend taking steps to have the charter of that institution so amended that no person's religion shall stand in the way of his admission to the free wards.

Bergen, one of the men who burglarized the house of Rev. Mr. Erb at Berlin, Ont., a few weeks ago, was convicted and sent to Kingston for 10 years.

The steamer Carroll, from Halifax for Boston, about which there has been some alarm, has been towed into Booth Bay Harbor, Maine, with her machinery disabled.

The Indians in west Kootenay, British Columbia, are making trouble for themselves and others, and include in their programme of probable outrages a threat to wreck the Bailie-Grohman reclamation works.

Archbishop Fabre has addressed a circular to his clergy on the subject of the possible invasion of the province by cholera, in which he urges all the faithful to assist the civic authorities in carrying out sanitary precautions, and at the same time to put an end to religious disorders and to keep their minds away from all malevolence towards the Church and from all unjust criticism towards its ministers.

Much feeling has been created among the citizens of Winnipeg by the action of Lieutenant-Governor Schultz in refusing to sign the order-in-Council legalizing the new block survey of the city. The action of his Honour is causing a serious block to real estate business.

The story is told in the Kingston Whig that a Congregational minister in Toronto recently received a package of tracts from Hamburg, and that after perusing them he was attacked by cholera, which fortunately assumed a mild form. He believes the tracts were sent to him by some Hamburg infidel with malicious intent.

A Hamilton bicyclist got a verdict for \$25 damages before Judge Muir, against a gentleman who drove into his wheel on the highway. The wheelman got into a rut and could not get out in time to escape the buggy, the driver of which failed to turn out.

At the Provincial Synod sitting in Montreal, the question of marriage and divorce was brought forward, and Rev. Provost Body, of Toronto, presented a report and a canon on the subject, to the effect that in all cases where divorce was obtained for any other cause than adultery and the parties married again, Holy Communion should be denied them unless in the event of repentance and separation or imminent danger of death.

A petition is in circulation in Hamilton, Ont., and is receiving many signatures, praying for the release of John Callahan, who, one year ago, was sentenced to two years in the Kingston penitentiary for stealing \$15,000 while in the employ of the street railway company. He returned all the money he had taken.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The London Commercial Deposit Building Society has suspended.

The London Standard's Berlin correspondent says it is reported that the Kaiser has invited Queen Victoria to be godmother of his recently born daughter.

There is great depression in the shipbuilding trade of the Clyde, where fifteen hundred hands are idle.

A special cablegram says that the Anti-Parnollites, fearing that the Parnollites will outbid them for popular favour, are urging Mr. Morley to take steps to prevent evictions during the coming winter.

The English Socialists, after further consideration of the proposed Trafalgar square demonstrations on November 13th, have appointed a committee on organization, to whom all preparations have been entrusted.

The White Star Steamship Company have contracted with Harland & Wolff, of Belfast, to build a ship 700 feet long with three

screws, the maximum speed to be 27 knots an hour. The vessel has already been named the Gigantic.

The London (Eng.) Provident Bank, a combination bank and building society, has suspended payment.

Great excitement has been caused in Manchester, England, by the supposed discovery of a system of wholesale child murder. One Mary Anne Hall, a midwife, was arrested on suspicion of being implicated.

The London Times referring to the seizure of a Canadian vessel in Behring Sea by a Russian man-of-war, declares that Russia should be made apologise and indemnify the vessel owners.

UNITED STATES.

Bicyclist Tyler rode a mile in 2.08 1/5 from a standing start on the Springfield, Mass., track.

Unknown persons sent an infernal machine by mail to Governor Flower of New York on Saturday.

The trouble among the Choctaws of Indian Territory is at an end and the United States troops have been withdrawn.

A woman in North Carolina has just presented her husband with six children at one birth. They are all boys and are living.

Two children, while playing in the woods near St. Paul, Minn., were killed on Sunday by a panther which had escaped from Barnum's circus a week ago.

State Senator Sparks, the author of the Sparks election law, now governing elections in Missouri, committed suicide Friday in Worrensburg, Mo., by cutting his throat.

Bergmann, the anarchist who shot Frick, the manager of the Carnegie steel works at Pittsburgh, Pa., has been found guilty and sentenced to twenty-one years in the penitentiary and one year in the workhouse.

The negroes in Calhoun county, Arkansas, are up in arms against the election law, and threaten to exterminate the whites. Several lives have already been taken and more trouble is feared.

Stewart, the only surviving member of the crew of the ill-fated steamer Western Reserve, which went down in Lake Superior with 27 of her crew three weeks ago, is said to be negotiating with Manager Moore, of Wonderland, Detroit, with a view of going on exhibition as a curio.

The strike of mill hands at Menominee, Mich., is ended. The men are to receive not less than \$1.50 per day.

The experiment of sending California fruit to England has proved a failure.

The war in the Indian territory has broken out afresh.

City Recorder Austin, of Belleville, Mich., and Mr. J. M. Anson, who were assisting in harvest work on the farm of Mr. Jerome Grohe, near Belleville, went to sleep in a barn on Thursday night. A lantern fell and set fire to the barn. Mr. Anson barely escaped with his life, but was terribly burned. Mr. Austin was reduced to a crisp, his arms, legs, and most of his head being burned away.

IN GENERAL.

The rapid rise of the Nile is causing great anxiety in Cairo.

Rudolf Ipering, the distinguished German jurist, died yesterday.

October 12th will be a perpetual national holiday in Spain in commemoration of the discovery of America.

Portugal has declared quarantine against New York.

Inhuman butcheries continue to be practised by brigands in Sicily.

A despatch received from Alex, France, says that one person was killed and thirty injured in a railroad accident at that place.

Prof. Koch gives it as his opinion that cholera cannot be transmitted through the post by means of letters or printed matter.

A Hamburg despatch states that a strange cattle disease has appeared on seventeen estates in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg.

It is stated that the Russians withdrew from the Pamirs because the Afghans and Chinese would not sell them any food supplies.

Conservative journals at Lyons assert that a military convention between France and Russia has been entered into and that an offensive and defensive alliance was decided upon months ago.

Great excitement prevails throughout Ireland in consequence of the resumption of the eviction of tenants who are in arrears for rent. The peasants in many places are prepared to resist, and trouble is imminent.

The Prohibition of Menthol.

With the ultimate aim of the prohibition movement, which are the suppression of drunkenness, and of all indulgence that is detrimental to health, injurious to society, or destructive of domestic happiness, every man in his senses concurs. The point of difference is as to the best way of insuring sobriety. Sympathizing as we do with the temperance movement, of which for many years we have been strong advocates, we feel all the more free to say that, until the avowed friends of prohibition become more independent, and more determined to enforce what law exists against the illicit sale of liquors, the cause they favor cannot succeed. Take an illustration. At a city in a maritime province an active worker for prohibition was recently challenged to enter a saloon to witness a person call for a glass of spirits at a bar, the Scott Act being in force. At that bar the sales reach \$400 per week, and some dozen others like it are openly selling in that small city. Although thus challenged he refused to enter for the purpose of laying an information against the saloon keeper. Who then can wonder at the Scott Act being a dead letter, if its chief promoters shrink from taking the necessary steps to have it enforced? A prohibitive Act would likewise be a dead letter, unless perpetual watch were maintained over places where liquor might be procured, and a sufficient force of informers were maintained to bring offenders to punishment. The difficulty of maintaining a prohibitive Act in force against the wishes of any considerable number of citizens, is the difficulty in the way of securing a prohibitive Act, as the most zealous friends of temperance believe that very serious evils would arise from having a law nominally in force, while practically ignored. The revolution that has occurred in the drinking habits of the people in the life time of millions now living justifies the hope that in time the reform desired will be accomplished.

A GIRL'S WILD RIDE.

Perilous Progress on a Pony Through a Texas Blizzard.

DUMAS, Tex., Sept. 19.—Up in the Pan Handle, lying on its level plains like a book on the table, is that freak of world building, the Staked Plain. Its eastern edge cuts sheer off, and the streams of water that rush down it after heavy storms, carrying with them the rich red prairie soil to fling it into the sluggish currents of the Red, the Brazos, or the Colorado, and send them raving down over the lower levels in a "red rise," are rapidly eating it westward.

On all this vast table land of thousands of acres there are no streams, no forests, and, it was formerly believed, no water supply beyond a few scattered ponds and lakelets. The Canadian and Pecos Rivers have cut deep canyons through its porous and friable formation, and go crawling along in the dry season, or thundering forward during freshets, hundreds of feet below its level; but no streams traverse its surface.

What then becomes of its heavy rainfalls? Little of it goes to swell the streams that are eating away its eastern escarpment, less to brim its few ponds. It is beginning to be understood that the Staked Plain has its river system after all, concealed—like the plumbing in a house—but fairly available. In short, there lies beneath the whole region a network of underground streams, rivers, lakes, where, held between the layers of its geologic formations, the rainfall is hoarded. The enterprising ranchman has but to put down his well and put up his windmill, and his water supply is as sure as if the subterranean river ran over his broad pasture lands, instead of half a thousand feet under them.

This it is that has transformed the Llano Estacado from an uninhabited desert to one vast pasture, broken here and there by tiny farms. The fifteen or twenty counties that it includes are all under fence now. Wells are easily and cheaply bored in the soil of the great plain, and watering places for stock established.

HOMES OF THE NESTERS.

Besides these big ranches there are settlers or "nesters" scattered at long intervals over the plain. Sometimes these settlements include a good wooden house, near some little outbuildings, a well and a windmill, but rather more often it is a "half-breed"—that is, half dugout, half wooden house, near some big ranchman's watering place—some half-hearted pretense at crop making and a tremendous showing of white headed youngsters. These settlers are of that sort that come in a wagon across country from some place that has become too civilized for them. They are only the straws on the front edge of the wave of immigration, for such a magnificent country cannot be long without a thrifty farming population.

The plain is a wonderful country of air line roads, where there is neither hill nor hollow to say the directness of your intention nay. I know now that no words can describe it, no language picture it, or even suggest it to the mind and imagination of one who has never seen it. The sea—we got an idea of it from pictures and descriptions, we hardly know when; we have always known through poets and painters, and peered out by the kindred appearance of lakes and rivers something of what the sea would be like.

But a picture of a dead level would not suggest the plain, with its strange charm, its hundreds of allurements, its caprices and vagaries, its softness and sweetness and terror.

Riding out onto this plain for the first time—especially to one who has always dwelt among mountains—is like being suddenly turned loose out of time and space into eternity and infinity. So unspookably vast is it, so imperiously does it beckon your fancy and command away your imagination that they fly out in every direction and leave you in a sort of pleasant daze.

The everlasting sketches spread out and out on every hand, their unbroken silence lying upon them like a garment. Not any tree or bush, no little hill or hollow, nowhere the smallest evasion or reservation—the eye is in free command of all; yet nowhere that I have ever been in there so over-present a sense of mystery. The mysteries of the mountains are the mysteries of a nature that conceals itself from you, but the mystery of the plains is the profound, unseeable mystery of the frank and candid nature that reveals everything.

It is a wonder show, a ride across the plains. They are only a vast level of soft green-brown earth, infinite sweeps of short, fine grass; but on this open stage the wizard of sun, air and rain can juggle till the most trusted of your five senses is ready to go out on a strike.

THE MIRAGE OF THE PLAINS.

I had always thought the mirage a phenomenon occasionally observable on the plains. I had no idea, and I am sure others not acquainted with the subject have not, how universal and ever-present a feature it is. You ride or drive out onto the plains, especially on a bright warm day, where you are fifty miles from any living water—no means of watering cattle except bored wells and windmills, and yet there is no appearance of dryness; very much the contrary. To the right, to the left, ahead of you, cool and placid and smiling in the sunlight, they lie, and open out and change as you move along—reedy shores, bluffy coasts, and green, heavily timbered inlets and bays, everywhere about you the sweet refreshing idea of water.

A mile or so away there is a settler's little house with one or two tiny outbuildings; it stands in a mirage, and looks like one of those little coast houses or fisher's huts around New Orleans, on Lake Penchartrain, on tall stilts, with little boat houses and fishing sheds built about it above the lapping water; while out beyond, to the horizon's rim, stretches the sea. Only a few hundred feet to one side of your course stand a bunch of cattle in a pretty little lake; you see their shadows in its surface, you see them splash the silvery waters upon their sides as they walk. Objects are so magnified in this atmosphere that a coral twenty-five feet long with some little sheds and bits of fence, setting in or on the edge of a mirage, will look an immense Summer hotel on the beach, with all its bathing houses and pavilions about it; a bit of broom weed twelve inches high is a great cedar, a glimpse of whiter sage bush not bigger than your hand a coyote, or a big grey "loafer" wolf.

When you first see someone accustomed to the plains look out at the horizon at a tiny speck, moving or stationary, and find

in it an antelope, a wolf, a horseman, a cow, or simply a bit of milkweed, you are struck with an amazement and admiration, and think he must have a pair of Sam Weller's "patent double million magnifying-glass microscopes of hextra power" for eyes; but presently you find you can do this yourself without knowing how nor when you learned. We had the whole show in one short afternoon, in a ride of twenty-two miles across the plains, from Channing to Dumas, the brand new capital of a brand new Panhandle county. The wonder-box was turned upside down, and its entire contents about us. The necromancers of the plains were abroad, and in a wild humor. It was the most reckless, madcap, hare-brained performance I ever inadvertently attended.

When we first started out at 2 o'clock it was very hot. The sun blazed down much as it usually does in Midsummer; but the wind, the fresh, sweet, tireless, swooping wind, which makes even Midsummer days cool to travel across the plains, which comes all the way up from the Gulf to have a big time all over this wonderful country, and make life worth living for the people here—the constant, reliable plentiful, everlasting wind was nowhere to be seen or heard. It was away, hatching up devilment, and life was a weariness and the grasshopper a burden.

AN ALLURING SCENE.

The sky was a beautiful happy blue with some rare white clouds carousing around ill it, sort of haphazard; the mirages were an about us, with their alluring sweetness and beauty; between them, where the level plain reached, unbroken, to the sky-line, you could look, as the cowboys say, "right off into never-never." But none of these beauties found favor in our hot and tired eyes. We wanted some shade and a whole lot of cool wind. We got into a shady place just as we came well up onto the plain proper, and it was very bad indeed. Here we passed some people in a buckboard who were yet more unhappy than we; for what little breath of air there was, was following us along northward, and carried solid wreaths of fine sand up from their wheels into their faces and all over them—they said their cars were full, and it was anything interesting to communicate we might just write it down.

We went ahead, inhaling the sand our ponies' feet threw up, till we were as hoarse and husky as the amateur vocalist when asked to sing. My companion and I decided indignantly that we couldn't stand it. We each opened one eye furtively to look at the other, closed it again hastily over three-quarters of a pound of sand, and agreed with angry unanimity that nobody could stand it.

Well, we didn't have to; the wind having got its devilment well hatched, now came at us whooping and gibbering. It slapped us a few handfuls of big drops in our faces and upon the road, that laid the sand and dust instant. It swept every ghost of mirage out of sight, till the plain was raked bare and clear and level from horizon to horizon. Our ponies raised their drooping heads and pricked up their dejected ears. We looked up gratefully; the sky was changing; it ceased to be blue; it became a whitey gray, vaporous and agitated; it glowered palely above us, then rushed down upon us in great lashing sheets and writhing streamers of opalescent rain and hail, which smote the earth with a snapping sound and creamed up again like the crest on an ocean billow.

A PERILOUS RIDE.

The roar of the wind was deafening; I marvelled how my little light pony kept his slim buckskin colored legs under him. Only the clinging of able-bodied desperation held me in the saddle. The wind drove the rain along almost level with the earth, and when in a few minutes the water was fetlock deep on the horses, lashed it into foamy little waves. The sky was water—the earth was water—we might have been riding our little Texas ponies across the waste Atlantic in a bitter gale, the maddened sea replying to the furious skies, the wild wind screaming and tearing at both, the fierce lightning biting savagely through and through the riot, like the very, naked, venomous teeth of death himself; the great, noisy, menacing, harmless thunder, after each little shuddering pause rolling out over everything, fairly shaking us in our saddles, brow-beating and scaring us more than any real danger.

Suddenly, after about half an hour of raving, the uproar caught itself back in an instant of silence, as one in a blind, choking passion of fury draws in his breath to plunge into the final outburst. We quailed in our saddles and waited for the onslaught, but it never came. The storm was really over. The wind only blew enough to tear the masses of misty clouds, or cloudy mist, off the face of the setting sun, when it leaped a torrent—a surging sea—of pale fiery gold, and flooded and illuminated its rent and flying edges, swept on and through and over all, till the universe of whitey vapor, dispersing and reassembling around us, was one living burning splendor.

We ourselves, on our dripping ponies, were the only reminder of a real world, the only objects the eye could fasten upon to guide the imagination back to earthly life; for, from the wide plain under our feet, all white and gold with water and reflected illumination, and sparkling with living gems of halitones, to the palpitant glory of shifting radiance moving about it, with the great sun himself pouring forth his seas of pale fire, like some awful and divine fountain, all was a dream, or fairyland, or heaven. The sun went redly down into the level earth, and the last crimson stain of his fires died out of the world around us; the wind went racing gaily on its way as gentle and playful as a kitten, and we rode into Dumas as cold as a very poor grade of worldly charity, our garments drenched with the moisture and our souls saturated with the splendor of that glorious storm, for we had no "slackers" on either of them.

Damping His Ardour.

Mr. Nicellow: "Ah, how do do, my little man! I been helping your sister, I suppose. She told me she would be busy for a little while with some household duties."

Little Man: "Yes. I tried to help, but I wasn't much use."

"I suppose not."

"No. She wanted me to carry some water, but I couldn't carry much at a time, and it takes a lot to get ink out of carpet, specially red ink."

"Red ink?"

"Yes, Sis always writes her letters to Mr. Warmheart in red ink. He says it reminds him of the way she blushes when he kisses her."

RAILROAD RUMBLINGS.

A Pullman coach costs \$30,000.

Up to June 1,200 miles of railroad had been built this year.

The railroad dining cars in the States earn more money than the sleeping and baggage cars together.

The railway companies of the United Kingdom pay £3,500 a day compensation for injuries done to passengers.

The eighteenth annual convention of the Railway Mutual Benefit Association was held at Washington last week.

The Wabash road broke its record last week by earning \$504,000. This is an increase of \$49,000 over the corresponding week last year.

The gross earnings of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad for the month of August were \$4,061,441.19, an increase over the same period last year of \$14,938.76.

The Empire State express beat the record a few days ago, making the trip from Albany to Syracuse, a distance of 148 miles, in 157 1/2 minutes. Five minutes were taken in the stop at Utica.

The Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company is preparing a new sign post to put at railroad crossings. Instead of only the words, "Railroad Crossing," there will be added the words, "Stop, Look and Listen."

An engineer resident in Glasgow has, after nineteen years' labor and experimentation, devised an arrangement in an engine by which heat turns all the steam back to the boiler after doing its work in the cylinder.

President Ingalls, of the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad, has recommended to the stockholders of that line that as the affairs of the company are in good financial condition it would be profitable to the road to adopt a system of profit sharing with the employees. This plan, in Mr. Ingalls' opinion, would do away with strikes and save the time of the officers of the company being taken up in arguing and settling questions of wages with the employees.

At three of the large London railway stations—Charing Cross, Cannon street and London bridge—as many as 32,969 movements for signal and point levers have to be made every twenty-four hours, quite apart from the telegraphic operations.

The Cooke Locomotive and Machine Company, Paterson, N. J., recently posted notices in its shops notifying the men that all employees, except apprentices, will hereafter be required to work sixty hours a week or not at all. This is in defiance of the Fifty-five Hour law of New Jersey.

The Reading system now controls 5,583 miles of railroad, traverses a territory containing nearly 10,000,000 of population by means of 1,718 locomotives and 113,206 cars, annually carries 40,000,000 passengers, moves 50,000,000 tons of freight and earns about \$57,000,000; while with its affiliated companies it has a capital and indebtedness of \$511,000,000 and employs 83,960 wage-earners, among whom it distributes \$38,000,000, directly supporting more than 400,000 people.

The Great Western of England will send an interesting relic to the fair in the "Lord of the Isles," an old locomotive that ran 789,300 miles without change of boiler. The Lord of the Isles is seven-foot gauge and was built for the Great Western in 1857. At the first Crystal Palace Exposition at London in that year it was exhibited as the most wonderful achievement of the century. Sir Daniel Gooch designed the locomotive and got a gold medal. It was run continuously until 1881.

The Fun of the Fairs.

The "circus" element in our fairs is nothing new, nor, if kept within proper bounds need be an offence to any man.

Centuries ago the chief business of the world was transacted at gatherings much of the same character as our fairs. To this day, in Europe, there are several of these old-time meetings of crowds of merchants from distant parts, of buyers from remote towns, and districts, and of more sight-seers. Canadian goods are to be found on sale at places very remote from the ordinary routes of travellers.

One day last year two Canadian manufacturers ran up against each other at the far east of Russia, during the annual Fair. In the middle ages, at Stourbridge, and other English towns, merchants vended their wares who came from all parts of the civilized world. Naturally these great gatherings of visitors drew companies of persons who catered to the love of amusement.

Time hangs heavily on the hands of such visitors, as the whole day cannot be spent in buying, or selling, or inspecting goods. Hence the demand for diversion at such places to make time pass pleasantly.

Old country people remember the Statute Fairs where there was always a collection of wild beast shows, and other attractions. Those who object, as some do, to the amusement department of our fairs, are, we fear, kicking against a custom which is very ancient, the survival of which, after hundreds of years, shows that it arises out of a natural taste for recreation, especially on the part of visitors to a large city.

The utility of this provision for amusement is undoubted. Spending a whole day in inspecting machinery, or goods, or works of artistic ingenuity, is a very exhausting occupation to both mind and body, and would not be repeated, as it is, by thousands year by year, unless some relief was found by watching "speeding in the ring," parades of cattle, and horses, shows of tumbling exhibitions, musical performances etc. etc. The monotony of the laborious, and somewhat lonely life, of our country people, needs to be broken now and again.

To those who condemn amusements as "childish," we must, in all charity, say that, when the child heart is dead in man or woman, killed by care, or selfishness, or vice, or morbid, gloomy notions, or forebodings of the future, life has lost much of the spring, and hope, and sweetness, which give power to our best impulses, and of the strength which we all need for social and business duties. Those who enjoy innocent amusements should daily thank their Maker for so blessed a gift.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is a very old, and a very wise saying so, what is called the "circus" element in our fairs, serves a highly useful purpose in brightening the life of thousands, whose daily burthen is carried all the easier for the change they have had or that which they are looking forward to, by sharing in "the fun of the Fair."

KINEM ECHO

10/10/1992

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May 28, 1889.

Agents Wanted

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MORSELS OF MIRTH.

The Funniest Things The Paragraphs Have to Say.

It takes a master-stroke to smooth down a rebellious schoolboy.

Not necessarily after a bird—the man who goes out for a lark.

It stands to reason that ocean grayhounds are not ordinary barks.

It is a wise child that goes out of the room when the old man smashes his thumb.

Any person can get there, but the question is, What is he going to do after he arrives.

Women never stutter. When they want to they can say "yes" without a stammer.

When man pictures a heaven for himself he always has his own mansion right in the centre of it.

It is a terrible wrench to one's confidence in human nature when your family physician says he's sorry to find you ill.

Walking is said to be the best exercise for brain workers, and it is worthy of note that brain workers can seldom afford to do anything else.

It has not yet occurred to the dictionary makers to classify "phonograph" as a feminine noun, simply because it ticks back.

Possibly the future politician's earliest impulse to smash the slate is when as a boy he has to go back to school after vacation.

There is a great deal in the papers now about lightweights, but we believe the ordinary ton of coal is still the champion light weight.

Chappie—I did not catch Mrs. Histrung's remark, I wonder if it was intended for me?

Hess—No, I know it was not, for she said, "A word to the wise is enough."

Minnie—I simply couldn't have refused Jack after he offered me this beautiful engagement ring.

Gladys—Yes, Jack has always placed great reliance in that ring.

Irate passenger (as train is moving off)—Why didn't you put my luggage in as I told you? Porter—Eh mon, yer luggage is no sic a fule as yersel'. Ye're in the wrong train.

May—Can you look me in the face and tell me you weren't intoxicated last night.

Frank—Yes, darling; but I couldn't look you in the face and not be intoxicated now.

Mother—Now you have broken my cup. You deserve a whipping. Come here.

Fritz—No; I won't come.

Mother—Come, Fritz, till I whip you, and then you shall have a slice of cake.

Sudden Changes.

A cold, or exposure, may cause the poisonous acids in the blood to clog its circulation.

This is rheumatism. Clark's Lightning Liniment will stop the pain at once. It should be taken both internally and externally if the attack is severe, and it affords instant relief. If the pain appears again, it should be met with the same treatment, until a cure is effected. This wonderful preparation has worked some remarkable cures among rheumatic sufferers. Where once tried, it is always used after. Sold by all druggists; price 50 cents. Clark Chemical Company, Toronto, New York.

The Most Industrious Birds.

As far as has been observed, the most industrious bird is the thrush. In the summer it works from 2.30 a.m. to 9.30 p.m., a period of 19 hours out of the 24; during this day's work it tries to satisfy the insatiable appetite of its young brood by feeding them no less than 206 times. Blackbirds are nearly as hard working, as they are busily employed 17 hours; the parents divide their labors, the male feeding the young 44 times, and the female 55 times. The poor little titmouse is kept hard at it; it has been observed it feeds its young 417 times in a day. The wren is foolishly industrious. Owing to its capricious taste as to the locality of its nest; it has the habit of building several nests, leaving them more or less in an unfinished state until it finally decides upon the most favorable spot. Two other industrious birds are the British sparrow and the stormy petrel. The sparrow is now found all over the known world, and is as ubiquitous as the inhabitants of the British islands. He is perfectly fearless of any living thing from man downwards, and makes himself thoroughly at home, either in the country or in the crowded city thoroughfares. The sparrow breeds from four to seven times in the course of a year, and, notwithstanding the bad name frequently given to this bird, it shows by the very large number of insects consumed, that if given fair play, some considerable credit ought to be placed to the other side of the account. The stormy petrels live in a constant state of activity, and may be seen flying about during the entire day, and heard throughout the night. They never appear to be fatigued except after a long continuance of storms. During a gale the petrel is all animation.

\$50.00 FOR A CHICKEN

To create an interest in the breeding of high-class poultry, I will award a special Prize of \$50.00 cash to the person raising the heaviest Plymouth Rock chicken hatched from eggs purchased of me.

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You will be tickled when you get the benefit of our prices in Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbon's and Millinery. Make the most of our grand new stock of Millinery while it lasts. We have a first class milliner in this department.

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When you learn our prices for Men's and Boy's Shirts and Drawers you wake up to the fact that you have got into the right store.

Rugs, Robes, Fur Coats, Caps, Collars, &c., we might brag about. A word to the wise is sufficient.

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